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CHOICE

Of the best poetical pieces of the most eminent

ENGLISH POETS.

Published

By Joseph Retzer.

V o l. II.

V i e n n a

Printed for Sonnleithner and Hoerling

MDCCLXXXV.

C H O I C E

Of the best selected pieces of the most famous

ENGLISH POETS

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MONACENSIS

V I C I A

Printed by the University of Cambridge

1794

Alexander's feast.

Or the power of Music, an Ode in honour
of St. Cecilia's Day.

I.

Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won

By Philip's warlike Son:

Aloft in awful state

The god-like Hero fate

On his imperial throne:

His valiant peers were plac'd around;

Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.

(So should desert in arms be crown'd:)

The lovely Thais, by his side,

Sate like a blooming eastern bride

In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair.

Chorus.

Happy, happy etc. etc.

II.

'Timotheus, plac'd on high

Amid the tuneful quire,

With flying fingers touch'd the lyre

The trembling notes ascend the sky,

And heav'nly joys inspire.

The Song began from Jove,

Who left his blissful seats above,

(Such is the pow'r of mighty love.)

A Dragon's fiery form bely'd the God;

Sublime on radiant spires he rode,

When he to fair Olympia press'd,

And while he sought her snowy breast;

Then round her slender waist he curl'd,

And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the
world.

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound,

A present deity, they shout around:

A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound.

With ravish'd ears

The Monarch hears,

Assumes the God,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

Chorus.

With ravish'd ears etc. etc.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet Musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:

The jolly God in triumph comes;

Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;

Flush'd with a purple grace,

He shews his honest face:

Now gives the hautbois breath; he comes! he comes!

Bacchus, ever fair and young,

Drinking joys did first ordain,

Bacchus's blessings are a treasure,

Drinking is the Soldier's pleasure:

Rich the treasure,

Sweet the pleasure,

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Chorus.

Bacchus's blessings etc. etc.

IV.

Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain;

Fought all his battles o'er again;

And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew
the slain.

The Master saw the madness rise;

His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;

Chang'd his hand , and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse

Soft pity to infuse.

He sung Darius great and good

By too severe a fate

Fallen , fallen , fallen , fallen ,

Fallen from his high estate ,

And welt'ring in his blood ;

Deserted , at his utmost need ,

By those his former bounty fed :

On the bare earth expos'd he lies ,

Wit not a friend , to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor fate ,

Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of chance below ;

And , now and then , a sigh he stole ,

And tears began to flow.

Chorus.

Revolving etc. etc.

V.

The mighty master smil'd , to see

That love was in the next degree :

'Twas but a kindred - sound to move ,

For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet , in lydian measures ,

Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

War, he fung, is toil and trouble;

Honour but an empty bubble;

Never ending, still beginning,

Fighting still, and still destroying.

If the world be worth thy winning,

Think, o think it worth enjoying:

Lowely Thais sits besides thee,

Take the good, the gods provide thee!

The many rend the skies with loud applause:

So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.

The prince, unable, to conceal his pain,

Gaz'd on the fair

Who caus'd his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Chorus.

'The prince unable etc. etc.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again:

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

Break his bands of sleep asunder,

And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound

Hath rais'd up his head:

As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares around.
 Revenge ! revenge ! Timotheus cries,
 See the furies arise :
 See the snakes, that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles, that flash from their eyes
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unbury'd remain
 Inglorious on the plain :
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold, how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods.
 The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Chorus.

And the king seiz'd etc. etc;

9

VII.

Thus, long ago
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
'Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage and kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet Enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old 'Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an Angel down.

Chorus.

At last divine etc. etc.

Dryden.

To the ingenious Mr. Moore, Author
of the celebrated Worm - Powder.

How much egregious Moore, are we
Deceiv'd by shows and forms?

Whate'er we think, whate'er we see

All human race are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by birth

Proud reptile, vile and vain

A while he crawls upon the earth

Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a Worm, we find

Ee'er since our grandame's evil;

She first convers'd with her own kind

'The ancient Worm the devil.

But whether man, or he, God knows,

Fæcundify'd her belly

With that pure stoff, from whence we rose

'The genial vermicelli.

The learn'd themselves we Book-worms name

The blockhead is a Slow-worm;

The Nymph, whose tail is all on flame

Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butter-flies

That flutter for a day:

First from a Worm they took their rise,

Then in a Worm decay.

'The flatterer an ear-wig grows

Some worms suit all conditions:

Misers are Muck-worms, silk-worms beaux

And Death-watches Physicians.

That statesmen have a Worm, is seen

By all their winding Play:

Their conscience is a Worm within

That gnaws them night and day.

Ah Moore, thy skill were well employ'd

And greater gain would rise,

If thou could'st make the courtier void

That Worm, that never dies.

O learned friend of Ab-church-lane

Who sett'st our entrails free

Vain is thy art, thy Powder vain

Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

'Thou only canst our fate adjourn

Some few short years, no more

Ev'n Button's wits to Worms shall turn

Who Maggots were before.

Pope.

A true and faithfull Inventory of the
goods belonging to the Dean of St. Patrik.

An oaken broken elbow chair;

A candle cup without an ear;

A batter'd, shatter'd ash bedstead,

A box of deal, without a lid;

A pair of tongs, but out of joint:

A back - sword poker , without a point ;
 A pot , that's crack'd acrofs , around :
 With an old knotted garter bound ,
 An iron lock without a key ,
 A wig with hanging quite grown grey ;
 A curtain worn to half a stripe ,
 A pair of bellows without a pipe ,
 A dish , which might good meat afford once :
 An Ovid , and an old concordance ;
 A bottle bottom , wooden platter ,
 One is for meal , and one for water ;
 There likewise is a copper skillet ,
 Which runs as fast , as you can fill it ;
 A candlestik , snuff - dish , and save - all ;
 And thus his houshold goods you have all ,
 There to your Lordship , as a friend ,
 Till you have built , I recommend ,
 They'll serve your workmen for a shift
 Why not as well as Doctor Swift ?

Swift.

Epitaph , intended for his Wife.

Here lies my Wife ; here let her lie ;
 Now she's at rest , and so am I .

Dryden.

A Dialogue.

Pope.

Since my old friend is grown so great,
As to be Minister of State,
I'm told (but 'tis not true I hope)
That Craggs will be asham'd of Pope.

Craggs.

Alas! if I am such a creature
To grow the worse for growing greater
Why faith, in spite of all my brags,
'Tis Pope must be ashamed of Craggs.

Pope.

To Lady Irwin.

Why will Delia thus retire
And languish life away?
While the fighting crowds admire,
'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea,
All there dismal looks and fretting
Cannot Damons life restore,
Long ago the Worms have eat him,
You can never see him more.
Once again consult your toilet
In the glass your face review;

So much reading soon will spoil it,
And no spring your charms renew.

I like you, was born a woman

Well I know, what vapours mean?

The disease, alas! is common,

Single, we have all the spleen.

All the morals that they tell us,

Never cur'd the sorrow yet;

Choose among the pretty fellows

One of humour, youth and wit.

Prithce hear him every Morning

For at least an hour or two,

Once again at night returning,

I believe the dose will do.

M. W. Montague.

T h e A n s w e r.

Tho' Delia oft retires

'Tis not from spleen or hate

No Lovers she desires

Nor envies others fate.

Tho' her Damon's dead, 'tis true

Yet he lives in Delia's heart

None a constancy can shew,

Where a virtue has no part.

Should she consult her toilet,
 Alas! she'll quickly find,
 Her face there's nought can spoil it,
 So she'll improve her mind.
 If the morals, that they tell us
 Cannot cure us of despair
 I believe the pretty fellows
 Will bring us only double care.
 'Tis our interest then to shun 'em,
 Since their practice it is such
 They, who venture boldly on 'em,
 Often find one dose too much.

Lady Irwin.

On a dog's Collar.

Thou little favourite of the fair,
 When thou these golden bands shalt wear
 The hand, that binds them softly kifs,
 With conscious joy and own thy blifs,
 Proud of his chain, who would not be
 A Slave, to gain her smiles like thee?

Hughes.

An impossible Thing. A Tale.

To thee, Dear Dick, this tale I send,
Both as a Critik and a friend.
I tell it with some variation
(Not altogether a translation)
From la Fontaine; an autor, Dick,
Whose Muse would touch thee to the quick,
The subject is of that same kind,
To which thy heart seems most inclin'd;
How verse may alter it, God knows,
'Thou lov'st it well, I'm sure in prose.
So, without preface or pretence,
To hold thee longer in suspense,
I shall proceed, as I am able,
To the recital of my fable.

A Goblin of the merry kind,
More black of hue, than curst of mind,
To help a lover in distress,
Contriv'd a charm with such success;
That in short space the cruel dame
Relented, and return'd his flame,
The bargain made betwixt 'em both,
Was bound by honour and by oath:
The lover laid down his salvation,
And satan staked his reputation.

The

The latter promis'd on his part ,
 (To serve his friend , and shew his art ,)
 That Madam should by twelve o' clock ,
 Tho' hitherto as hard as rock ,
 Become as gentle as a glove ,
 And kiss and coo like any dove .
 In short the woman should be his ,
 That is upon condition - - - - Viz .
 That he , the lover , after tasting
 What one would wish were everlasting ,
 Should in return for such enjoyment ,
 Supply the fiend with fresh employment :
 That's all , quoth Pug ; my poor request
 Is , only never to have rest ;
 You thought , 'tis like with reason too ,
 That I should have been serv'd , not you :
 But what ? upon my fiend impose !
 No - - - tho' a devil , none of those .
 Your business then , pray understand me ,
 Is nothing more but to command me .
 Of one thing only let me warn ye ,
 Which somewhat nearly may concern ye :
 As soon as e'er one work is done ,
 Strait name a new one ; and so on ;
 Let each to other quick succeed ,
 Or else — you know how 'tis agreed - - -

For if thro' any hums or haws
There haps an intervening pause,
In which for want of fresh commands,
Your slave obsequious idle stands,
Nor soul nor body ever more
Shall serve the Nymph whom you adore:
But both be laid at Satan's feet,
'To be dispos'd as he thinks meet.

At once the lover all approves:
For who can hesitate that loves?
And thus he argues in his thought:
Why after all I venture nought;
What mystery is in commanding?
Does that require much understanding?
Indeed, w'er't my part to obey,
He'd go the better of the lay:
But he must do what I think fit - - -
Pshaw, pshaw, young Belzebub is bit.

'Thus pleas'd in mind he calls a chair,
Adjusts and combs, and courts the fair:
The spell takes place, and all goes right,
And happy he employs the night
In sweet embraces, balmy kisses;
And riots in the blifs of blisses.
O joy, cry'd he, that hast no equal!
But hold - - - no raptures - - - mark the sequel.

For now, when near the morning's dawn,
The youth began as 'twere to yawn;
His eyes a silly slumber seiz'd,
Or would have done, if Pug had pleas'd:
But that officious Dæmon, near,
Now buzz'd for business in his ear;
In haste he names a thousand things:
The Goblin plys his wicker wings,
And in a thrice returns to ask,
Another and another task.
Now palaces are built and tow'rs,
The work of ages in few hours.
Then storms are in an instant rais'd,
Which the next moment are appeas'd.
Now show'rs of gold and gems are rain'd,
As if each India had been drain'd:
And he, in one astonish'd view,
Sees both Golconda and Peru.
These things and stranger things than these,
Were done with equal speed and ease.
And now to Rome poor Pug he'll send:
And Pug soon reach'd his journey's end,
And soon return'd with such a pack
Of bulls and pardons at his back,
That now, the Squire (who had some hope
In holy water and the Pope)

Was out of heart , and at a stand
What next to wish , and what command ;
Invention flags , his brain grows muddy ,
And black despair succeeds brown study
In this distress the woful youth
Acquaints the Nymph with all the truth ,
Begging her counsel , for whose sake
Both soul and body were at stake.
And is this all ? replies the fair :
Let me alone to cure this care.
When next , your Dæmon shall appear ,
Pray give him - - - look what I hold here ,
And bid him labour soon or late ,
To lay these ringlets lank and strait.
Then , something scarcely to be seen :
Her finger and her thumb between
She held , and sweetly smiling cry'd ,
Your Goblin's skill shall now be try'd.

She said ; and gave - - - what shall I call
That thing so shining , crisp and small ,
Which round his finger strove to twine ?
A tendril of the cyprian vine ?
O sprig from Cytherea's grove ;
Shade of the labyrinth of love ?
With awe , he now takes from her hand
That fleece like flower of fairy land :

Less precious, whilom, was the fleece
 Which drew the Argonauts from Greece;
 Or that, which modern ages see
 The spur and prize of chivalry,
 Whose curls of kindred texture, grace
 Heroes and kings of Spanish race.

The spark prepared, and Pug at hand,
 He issues thus, his strict command.
 This line, thus curve and thus orbicular,
 Render direct, and perpendicular;
 But so direct, that in no sort
 It ever may in rings retort.
 See me no more 'till this be done:
 Hence, to thy task - - - avaunt, be gone.

Away the fiend like lightning flies
 And all his wit to work applies:
 Anvils and presses he employs,
 And dins whole hell with hamm'ring noise.
 In vain: he to no terms can bring
 One twirl of that reluctant thing;
 'Th' elastic fibre mocks his pains,
 And its first spiral forms retains.
 New stratagems the sprite contrives,
 And down the depths of sea he dives:
 This sprunt its pertness sure will lose
 When laid, said he, to soak in ooze.

Poor foolish fiend ! he little knew
Whence Venus and her garden grew.
Old ocean, with paternal waves
The child of his own bed receives,
Which oft as dipt new force exerts,
And in more vig'rous curls reverts.
So, when to earth, Alcides flung
The huge Anteus, whence he sprung,
From every fall fresh strength he gain'd,
And with new life the fight maintain'd.
The baffled Goblin grows perplex'd,
Nor knows what sleight to practise next;
The more he tries, the more he fails;
Nor charm nor art, nor force avails.
But all concur his shame to show,
And more exasperate the foe.

And now he pensive turns and sad,
And looks like melancholick mad.
He rolls his eyes now off, now on
That wonderful Phænomenon.
Sometimes he twists and twirls it round,
Then, pausing, meditates profound:
No end he sees of his surprize,
Nor what it should be can devise:
For never yet was wool or feather,
That could stand buff against all weather;

And unrelax'd like this, resist
 Both wind and rain, and snow and mist.
 What stuff or whence, or how 'twas made,
 What spinster witch could spin such thread,
 He nothing knew; but to his cost
 Knew all his fame and labour lost.
 Subdued, abash'd, he gave it o'er;
 'Tis said, he blush'd; 'tis sure he swore
 Not all the wiles that hell could hatch
 Could conquer that superb Mustach.
 Defeated thus, thus discontent
 Back to the man the Dæmon went:
 I grant, quoth he, our contract null,
 And give you a discharge in full.
 But tell me now, in name of wonder,
 (Since I so candidly knock under,)
 What is this thing? where could it grow?
 Fray take it - - - 'tis in statu quo.
 Much good may't do you; for my part,
 I wash my hands of't from my heart.

In truth, Sir Goblin, or Sir Fairy
 Replies the lad, you're too soon weary.
 What, leave this trifling task undone!
 And think'st thou this the only one?
 Alas! were this subdu'd, thou'dst find
 Millions of ~~more~~ such still behind,

Which might employ, ev'n to eternity,
Both you, and all your whole fraternity.

Congreve.

E p i g r a m.

Engraved on the Collar of a dog, which was given
to his Royal Highness:

I am his Highness's dog at kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

Pope.

C u p i d' s R e v e n g e.

Sabina, with an angel's face;
Ordain'd by love for joy,
Seems of the Syren's cruel race,
To charm and then destroy.

The burning-glasses of her eyes
The fiercest flames impart,
Herself unhurt the lover dies,
Untouch'd the virgin's heart;

The God of Love, enrag'd to see
The nymph elude his aim,
Pronounc'd this merciless decree
Against the haughty dame:

„ Let age with double speed o’ertake her,
 Let love the room of pride supply,
 And, when her lovers all forsake her,
 A spotless virgin let her die. “

Sir John Vanbrug.

On a bad Poet.

Thy Verses are eternal, o my Friend!
 For he who reads them, reads them to no End.

Elegy describing the sorrow of an inge-
 nuous mind on the melancholy event of a
 licentious amour.

Why mourns my friend, why weeps his downcast eye?
 That eye where mirth, where fancy us’d to shine?
 Thy chearful meads reprove that swelling sigh,
 Spring ne’er enameld fairer meads than thine.
 Art thou not lodg’d in fortunes warm embrace?
 Wert thou not form’d by natur’s partial care?
 Bless’d in thy song, and bless’d in ev’ry grace,
 That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?
 Damon, said he, thy partial praise restrain;
 Nor Damons friendship can my peace restore;

Alas! his very praise awakes my pain!

And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.
For oh! that nature on my birth had frow'nd!

Or fortune fix'd me to some lovely cell!

Then had my bosom scap'd his fatal wound,

Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell!

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child,

My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd,

In fortune's train the syren flatt'ry smil'd,

And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

Oh folly studious, even of vice's vain,

Ah vices, gilded by the rich and gay!

I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,

Nor dropt the chace, till Jessy was my prey.

Poor artless maid, to stain by spotless name,

Expence, and art, and toil united strove,

To lure a breast, that felt the purest flame,

And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,

Warm to deny, and, zealous to disprove,

I bad my words the wonted softness wear,

And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my Damon dare I paint the rest?

While yet thy love a candid ear incline?

Affur'd that virtue by misfortune press'd,

Feels not the sharpeness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame,

Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day;

When scorn'd by virtue, signaliz'd by fame,

Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.

Henry, she sayd, by thy dear form subdued,

See the sad reliques of a nymph undone!

I find, I find this rising sob renewd,

I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,

When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return?

Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,

But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn?

Alas no more that joyous morn appears,

That lead the tranquil hours of spotless fame;

For I have steep'd a father couch in tears,

And ting'd a mothers glowing cheek with shame?

The vocal birds that raise their nation strain,

The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan;

All seem to chase my from the chearful plain,

And talk of truth, and innocence alone.

If thro' the gardens flowry tribes I stray,

Where bloom the Jasmins that could once allure,

Hope not to find delight in us, they say,

For we are spotless Jessy, we are pure.

Ye flow'rs, that well reproach a nymph so frail,

Say could ye with my virgin fame compare?

The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale,
Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.
Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
And all my fumes abhorr'd contagion flee;
Trembles each lip, and falters ev'ry tongue,
That bids the moon propitious smile on me!
Thus for your sake I shun each human eye;
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu!
To die I languish, but I dread to die,
Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.
Raise me from earth, the pains of want remove,
And let me silent seek some friendly shore,
There only, banish'd from the form, I love,
My weeping virtue shall relapse no more,
Be but my friend I ask nor dearer name,
Be such the need of some more artful fair,
Nor could it heal my peace, nor chase my flame,
That pity gave, what love refus'd to share.
Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread,
Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew,
Not such the parent board at which I fed!
Noth such the precepts from his lips I drew!
Haply when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil,
Envy may slight a face not longer fair,
And pity, wellcome, to my native soil. ,,

She spoke — nor was I born of savage race;
 Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign,
 Gratefull she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
 And vow'd to waste her life in pray'rs for mine,
 I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend,
 I saw her breast with ev'ry passion heave;
 I left her — torn from ev'ry earthly friend:
 Oh! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave!
 Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose;
 The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain,
 O'er the tall mast, the circling surges close;
 My Jessy — floats upon the wat'ry plain.
 And — see my youth's impetuous fires decay;
 Seek not to stop reflexions bitter tear,
 But warn the frolick, and instruct the gay,
 From Jessy floating on her wat'ry bier!

Shenstone

S o n g.

Say Myra, why is gentle love
 A stranger to that mind,
 Which pity and esteem can move;
 Which can be just and kind?
 Is it because you fear to share
 The ills that Love molest;

The jealous doubt, the tender care,
 That rack the am'rous breast?
 Alas! by some degree of woe
 We every bliss must gain:
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,
 That never feels a pain.

Lord Lyttleton. *)

Or Pope. *Festoon*. p. 78.

*) First published in one of the daily papers in
 Aug. 1769. *New Foundl. Hosp.* IV. 98.

A Song by a Lord. *)

Resolv'd, as her poet, of Celia to sing,
 For ideas of beauty I search'd thro' the spring,
 Tho' flowers soft blooming compar'd the sweet maid;
 But flowers, though blooming, at ev'ning may fade.
 Of sunshine and breezes I next thought to write,
 Of the breezes so soft and the sunshine so bright;
 But these with my fair no resemblance will hold;
 For the sun sets at night, and breezes grow cold.
 'The clouds of mild ev'ning array'd in pale blue,
 While the sun-beams behind them peep'd glittering
 thro',

* *) New foundling Hospital for wit III. 146.

Tho' to rival her charms they can never arise,
Yet, methought, they look'd something like Celia's
sweet eyes.

These beauties are transient, but Celia's will last,
When spring, and when summer, and autumn are
past;

For sense and good humour no season disarms,
And the soul of my Celia enlivens her charms.

At length on a fruittree a blossom I found,
Which beauty displayed, and shed fragrance around,
I then thought the muses had smil'd on my pray'r;
This blossom, I cry'd, will resemble my fair!

These colours so gay and united so well,
This delicate texture and ravishing smell
Be her person's sweet emblem! but where shall I find
In nature a beauty, that equals her mind?

This blossom so pleasing, at summer's gay call,
Must languish at first, and must afterwards fall,
But behind it the fruit, its successor, shall rise,
By nature disrob'd of its beauteous disguise.

So Celia, when youth, that gay blossom, is o'er,
By her virtues improv'd shall engage me the more,
Shall recall ev'ry beauty, that brighten'd her prime,
When her merit is ripen'd by love and by time.

A Poem by Sir W. Raleigh. *)

Shall I, like an hermit, dwell
On a rock, or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is mising of my heart,
To bestow it, where I may
Meet a rival ev'ry day?
If she undervalues me,
What care I, how fair she be?
Were her tresses angel gold;
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
'To convert them to' a brayde,
And, with little more a - do,
Work them into bracelets too;
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I, how rich she be?

Were her hand as rich a prize
As her hairs, or precious eyes;
If she lay them out to take
Kisses for good manners sake;
And let every lover ship

From

*) Lond. Mag. 1734. Aug. Pearch's Collection, III.

From her hand unto her lip;
 If she seem not chaste to me,
 What care I, how chaste she be?

No, she must be perfect snow,
 In effect as well as show,
 Warming but as snowballs do,
 Not like fire, by burning too;
 But when she, by chance, hath got
 To her heart a second lot;
 Then, if others share with me,
 What care I, what e'er she be?
 Farewell her.

S o n g.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude.
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Altho' thy breath be rude.

1) They rudeness gives the less pain, as thou art
 an ennemy, that dost not brave as with thy
 presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not
 aggravated by insult. Johnson.

Johns. and Steeven's Shak. III. 274.

Retzer's Choice. Vol. II.

C

Freeze , freeze , thou bitter sky ,
 'Thou dost not bite so nigh ,
 As benefits forgot.
 'Tho' thou the waters warp , 2)
 'Thy sting is not so sharp ,
 As friends remember'd not.

Shakespeare. 3)

To Althea from prison.

When love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates ,
 And my divine Althea brings ,
 To whisper at my grates ,
 When I lye tangled in her hayre ,
 And fetter'd with her eye ,
 The birds , that wanton in the aire ,
 Know no such libertye.
 When flowing cups run swiftly a round
 With no allaying Thames ,

2) To *warp* was probably, in Shakespeare's time ,
 a colloquial word. To *warp* is to *turn* , and to
turn is to *change*. To be *warp'd* is only , to
 chang'd from its natural state, *ib. eod.*

3) As you like it. Act. II.

Our carelesse heads with roses crown'd,
 Our hearts with loyal flames;
 When thirsty grieve in wine we sleepe,
 When healths and draughts goe free,
 Fishes, that tipples in the deepe,
 Know no such libertie.
 When, linnæ-like, confined I
 With shriller note shall sing
 The mercye, sweetness, majesty,
 And glories of my king,
 When I shall voyce aloud, how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Th' enlarged windes, that curle the flood,
 Know no such libertie.
 Stone walls do not a prison make,
 No iron barres a cage,
 Mindes, innocent, and quiet, take
 That for an hermitage.
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soule am free,
 Angels alone, that soare above,
 Enjoy such libertie.

Sir Rich. Lovelace. *)

C 2

*) This excellent sonnet possess'd a high degree of fame among the old cavaliers. The Author wrote

A Hue and cry after Cupid.

1. Grace.

Beauties, have ye seen this toy,
 Called love, a little boy,
 Almost naked, wanton, blind;
 Cruel now, and then as kind?
 If he be amongst ye, say;
 He is Venus run-away.

2. Grace.

She, that will but now discover,
 Where the winged wag doth hover,

it during his confinement in the gate-house
 Westminster, to which he was committed by the
 house of commons in April 1642. for presenting
 a petition from the county of Kent, requesting
 them to restore the king to his rights and to settle
 the government. This elegant writer, after
 having been distinguished for every gallant and
 polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own
 sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the
 lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want in 1658.

S. Rel. of anc. Poetry. II. 325. His poems are
 printed under the title of *Lucaſta*. Lond. 1649.

12. The elegance of his manner would be more
 admired, if it had somewhat more of simplicity.

Shall to - night receive a kifs ,
 How , or where herself would wish :
 But , who brings him to his mother ,
 Shall have that kifs , and another.

3. *Grace.*

He hath marks about him plenty :
 You shall know him among twenty.
 All his body is a fire ,
 And his breath a flame entire ,
 'That being shot , like lightning , in ,
 Wounds the heart , but not the skin.

1. *Grace.*

At his sight the sun hath turned ,
 Neptune in the waters burned ;
 Hell hath felt a greater heat :
 Jove himself forlook his seat :
 From the center to the sky
 Are his trophies reared high.

2. *Grace.*

Wings he hath , which though ye clip ,
 He will leap from lip to lip ,
 Over liver , lights , and heart ,
 But not stay in any part ;
 And , if chance his arrow misses ,
 He will shoot himself in kisses.

3. Grace.

He doth bear a golden bow,
 And a quiver, hanging low,
 Full of arrows, that out-brave
 Dian's shafts: where, if he have
 Any head more sharp than other,
 With that first he strikes his mother.

1. Grace.

Still the fairest are his fuel,
 When his days are to be cruel,
 Lovers hearts are all his food;
 And his baths their warmest blood:
 Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
 And he hates none like to reason.

2. Grace.

Trust him not: his words, though sweet,
 Seldom with his heart do meet,
 All his practice is deceit;
 Every gift it is a bait;
 Not a kiss but poison bears;
 And most treason in his tears.

3. Grace.

Idle minutes are his reign;
 Then the straggler makes his gain
 By presenting maids with toys,
 And would have ye think 'em joys?

'Tis th' ambition of the elf,
To have all childish as himself.

1. Grace.

If by these ye please to know him,
I cautions, be not nice, but shew him.

2. Grace.

Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.

3. Grace.

Since you hear his falser play;
And that he's Venus' run-away.

Ben. Jonson, *)

C 4

*) So the poet himself spelt his name, S. Pet.

Whalley's preface to his edition of Jonson's
Works. (London. 1756. VII. vols. 8.) pag. 28.

This is a translation from the idyllion of Moschus; called *Amor fugitivus*; some little additions are made to it by Jonson, but in the same spirit and delicacy as the original itself. It is introduced in one of his masks, S. Works. V.

—

S o n g. *)

Hence all you vain delights,
All short, as are the nights,
Wherein you spend your folly
There's nought in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see't,
But only Melancholy,
Oh sweetest Melancholy!

Welcome folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh, that piercing mortifies,
A look, that's fast'ned to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound.

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places, which pale passion loves:
Moon-light walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls;
A midnight-bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds, we feed upon;

*) S. *The nice valour, or the passionate Madman*,
Com. Beaumont and Fletcher's Works (by Seward
and Sympfon. Lond. 1750. X. vols. 8.) voll. X.
336. Milton took certainly many of his sentiments
in his *il penseroso* from this song.

Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
Nothing's so dainty sweet, as lovely Melancholy.

An old pastoral Song by Tom D'Urfey.

With some alterations. *)

In the pleasant month of May,
When the merry, merry birds began to sing,
And the blossoms fresh and gay
Usher'd in the welcome spring;
Now the long, cold winter's gone,
And the bright enticing moon
In the ev'ning brightly shone,
When the bonny men and roads tript it on the grass
At a jolly country fair,
Where the nymphs in their best appear
We resolv'd to be free with a fiddle and she,
Ev'ry shepherd and his lass.

While joy spread o'er the green,
While the fiddle went brisk and the glass went round,
While the pretty nymphs so clean
With their merry feet beat the ground.
Little Cupid arm'd unseen

C. 5

*) Lond. M. Apr. 1772.

With his bow and darts stole in,
Some mischief to begin;
His arrow flew about through the nymphs and the
 swains,
Not a shepherd or his mate,
But felt the pleasing fate,
Ev'ry heart had a wound of the lads and lasses round,
Love reign'd o'er all the plains

Now the heartfick swains gave o'er,
And the wearied nymphs could dance no more;
'There were other thoughts, that mov'd
Each pretty fond girl, that lov'd:
In the woods the shepherds stray'd,
Of rivals all afraid;
And ev'ry pining maid
Left all their partners to guess, what they could not
 express;
Till at last by help of eyes,
And the eloquence of sighs,
Being all set to rights, they prepar'd for new delights,
And for wedlock gladly dress.

The happy life.

An old Ballad written by Sir Henry Wotton,

Provost of Eton College in the year 1639.

Sir Henry beeing then 72. years old.

How happy is he born or thought,
 That serves not another's will,
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his highest skill!
 Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
 Not ty'd unto the world with care
 Of prince's ear, or vulgar breath.
 Who has his life from rumours freed;
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great.
 Who envies none, whom chance doth raise,
 Or vice; who never understood
 How deepest wounds are giv'n with praise,
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good.
 Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace, than gifts, to lend;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a well-chosen book, or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands,
 Of hope to raise or fear to fall;
 Lord of himself, tho' not of lands,
 And having nothing yet has all.

C h l o e.

Impatient with desire, at last
 I ventur'd to lay forms aside,
 'Twas I was modest, not she chaste,
 Chloe, so gently press'd, comply'd.
 With idle Awe, an am'rous fool,
 I gaz'd upon her eyes with fear;
 Say, Love, how came your Slave so dull,
 To read no better there?
 Thus to ourselves the greatest foes,
 Altho' the Nymph be well inclin'd;
 For want of courage to propose,
 By our own folly she's unkind.

G. Granville Lord Lansdowne.

T o A m o r e t.

Fair, that you may truly know,
 What you unto Thyrsis owe:

I will tell you, how I do
Sacharissa love, and you.

Joy salutes me, when I set
My blest eyes on Amoret:
But with wonder I am strook,
While I on the other look.

If sweet Amoret complains,
If have sense of all her pains:
But for Sacharissa I
Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of myself is mine,
Lovely Amoret, is thine:
Sacharissa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain,
And, those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.

If the soul had free election,
To dispose of her affection,
I would not thus long have born
Haughty sacharissa's scorn:
But 'tis sure some pow'r above,
Which controuls our wills in love!

If not love, a strong desire,
To create and spread that fire
In my breast, sollicit me,
Beauteous Amoret, for thee!

'Tis amazement more than love
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If less splendor wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazzled sight,
To behold their milder light.
But, as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy:
Which how eas'ly I may do,
Heav'n (as eas'ly I may do,
Heav'n (as eas'ly scald'd) doth know.

Amoret! as sweet as good,
As the most delicious food,
Which, but tasted, doth impart,
Life and gladness to the heart.

Sacharissa's beauty' wine,
Which to madness doth incline:
Such a liquor, that no brain,
That is mortal, can sustain.

Scarce can I to heav'n excuse
The devotion, which I use
Unto that adored dame,
For 'tis not unlike the same,
Which I thither ought to send.
So that, if it could take end,
'Twould to heav'n itself be due,

To succeed her, not to you,
 Who already have of me
 All, that's not idolatry:
 Which, though not so fierce a flame,
 Is longer like, to be the same.

Then smile on me, and I will prove,
 Wonder is shorter + liv'd than love.

Waller.

On the Countess of Dorchesier, mistress
 to king James II., written in 1680.

Tell me, Dorinda, why so gay,
 With such embroid'ry, fringe and lace?
 Can any dresses find a way,
 To stop th' approaches of decay,
 And mend a ruin'd face?
 Wilt thou still sparkle in the box,
 And ogle in the ring?
 Can't thou forget thy age and pox?
 Can all that shines on shells and rocks
 Make thee a fine young thing?
 So have I seen in larder dark
 Of veal a lucid loin,
 Replete with many a brilliant spark,

(As wise philosophers remark)

At once both stink and shine.

Earl of Dorset.

Colin and Lucy. A Ballad.

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,

Bright Lucy was the grace;

Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream

Reflect so sweet a face:

Till luckless love, and pining care

Impar'd her rosy hue,

Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,

And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lilly pale,

When beating rains descend?

So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,

Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains

Take heed, ye easy fair;

Of vengeance due to broken vows,

Ye perjur'd swains, beware!

Three times, all in the dead of night,

A bell was heard to ring;

And shrieking at her window thrice,

The raven flap'd his wing.

Too

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew

'The solemn boding sound ;

And thus , in dying words , bespoke ,

'The virgins weeping round :

„ I hear a voice , you cannot hear

„ Which says , I must not stay ;

„ I see a hand , you cannot see ,

„ Which beckons me away.

„ By a false heart , and broken vows ,

„ In early youth I die :

„ Was I to blame , because his bride

„ Was thrice as rich as I ?

„ Ah Colin , give not her thy vows ,

„ Vows due to me alone :

„ Nor thou , fond maid receive his kiss ;

„ Nor think him all thy own.

„ To - morrow , in the church to wed ,

„ Impatient , both prepare !

„ But know , fond maid ; and know , false man ,

„ That Lucy will be there !

„ Then bear my corse , my comrades , bear ,

„ This bridegroom blyth to meet ,

„ He in his wedding -- trim so gay ,

„ I in my winding -- sheet.

She spoke ; she dy'd ; her corse was born ,

'The bridegroom blyth to meet ,

Retzer's Choice. Vol. II. D

He in his wedding -- trim so gay,
She in her winding sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?

How were these nuptials kept?

The bridemen flock'd round Lucy dead,

And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,

At once his bosom swell:

The damps of death bedew'd his brow,

He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah bride no more!

The varying crimson fled,

When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,

She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new -- made grave,

Convey'd by trembling swains,

On mould with her, beneath one sod,

For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave, the constant hind,

And plighted maid are seen;

With garlands gay, and true -- love knots,

They deck the sacred green;

But, swain forsworn, who'er thou art,

This hallow'd spot forbear;

Remember Colin's dreadful fate,

And fear to meet him there.

T. Tickell.

S o l i l o q u y

Of a Beauty in the Country.

'T was night ; and Flavia to her room retir'd ,
 With evening chat and sober reading tir'd ;
 There , melancholy , pensive , and alone ,
 She meditates on the forsaken town :
 On her rais'd arm declin'd her drooping head ,
 She sigh'd , and thus in plaintive accents said :

„ Ah , what avails it to be young and fair ,
 „ To move with negligence , to dress with care ?
 „ What worth have all the charms our pride can
 boast ,
 „ If all in envious Solitude are lost ?
 „ Where none admire , 'tis useless to excel ;
 „ Where none are Beaus , 'tis vain to be a *Belle* :
 „ Beauty like wit , to judges should be shown ;
 „ Both most are valued where they best are known ,
 „ With every grace of nature or of art ,
 „ We cannot break on stubborn country heart :
 „ The brutes , insensible , our power defy :
 „ To love exceeds a 'Squire's capacity.
 „ The town the court is Beauty's proper sphere ;
 „ That is our heaven , and we are angels there :
 „ In that gay circle thousands Cupids rove :
 „ The court of Britain is the court of love.

„ How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
„ How have my sparkling eyes their transport show'd,
„ At each distinguish'd birth -- night ball, to see
„ The homage due to empire paid to me!
„ When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
„ And dreaded mine more than the monarchs frown:
„ When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
„ Less jealous in their power, than in their love.
„ Chang'd is the scene; and all my glories die,
„ Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky;
„ Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
„ The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
„ In stupid indolence, my life is spent,
„ Supinely calm, and dully innocent:
„ Unblest'd I wear my useless life away;
„ Sleep (wretched maid) all night, and dream all
 day;
„ Go at set hours to dinner and to pray'r;
„ For dulness ever must be regular.
„ Now with Mamma at tedious whist I play;
„ Now without scandal drink insipid tea;
„ Or in the garden breathe the country air,
„ Secure from meeting any Tempter there:
„ From books to work, from work to books I rove,
„ And am (alas!) at leisure to improve!
„ Is this the life a Beauty ought to lead?

„ Were eyes so radiant only made to read?
 „ These fingers, at whose touch even age would
 glow,
 „ Are these of use for nothing but to sew?
 „ Sure erring Nature never could design
 „ To form a housewife in a mould like mine!
 „ O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
 „ Attend propitious to thy vot'ry's prayer:
 „ Let me revisit the dear town again:
 „ Let me be seen! -- could I that wish obtain,
 „ All other wishes my own power would gain. „

Lyttleton.

E l e g y

On his falling in Love with Neæra.

Farewell that liberty our fathers gave,
 In vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in vain:
 I saw Neæra; and her instant slave.
 Tho' born a Briton, hugg'd the servile chain.
 Her usage well repays my coward heart,
 Meanly she triumphs in her Lover's shame,
 No healing joy relieves his constant smart,
 No smile of love rewards the loss of fame.
 O that to feel these killing pangs no more,
 On scythian hills I lay a senseless stone,

Was fix'd a rock amidst the wat'ry roar,
And in the vast Atlantic stood alone.
Adieu, ye Muses, or my passion aid,
Why should I loiter by your idle spring?
My humble voice would move one only maid,
And she contemns the trifles which I sing.
I do not ask the lofty epic strain,
Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere:
I only sing one cruel maid to gain,
Adieu, ye Muses, if she will not hear.
No more in useless innocence I'll pine,
Since guilty presents win the greedy fair,
I'll tear its honours from the broken shrine,
But chiefly thine, O Venus, will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a beauteous maid,
Who bends on sordid gold her low desires:
Nor worth nor passion can her heart persuade,
But love must act what avarice requires.

Unwise who first, the charm of nature lost,
With Tyrian purple soil'd the snowy sheep;
Unwiser still who seas and mountains crost,
To dig the rock, and search the pearly deep:

These costly toys our silly fair surprise,
The shining follies cheat their feeble sight,
Their hearts, secure in trifles, love despise,
'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the Gods conceal the little mind
 And earthly thought beneath a heav'nly face ?
 Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
 Yet smooth and polish so each outward grace?

Hence all the blame that love and Venus bear,
 Hence pleasure, short, and anguish ever long,
 Hence tears and sighs, and hence the peevish fair,
 The froward lover, -- Hence this angry song.

Hammond.

S o n g:

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming ?

O stay and hear, your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low,

Tr'p no further, pretty sweeting ;

Journeys end in lovers meeting

Ev'ry wise man's son doth know,

What is love ? 'tis not hereafter :

Present mirth hath present Laughter :

What's to come, is still unsure ;

In delay there lies no plenty :

Then come kiss me, sweet, and twenty ;

Youth's a stuff will not endure,

Shakespear's Twelfthnight, Act. II. Clown sings.

Ode To Peace.

O thou, who bad'st thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And fought'st thy native skies:
When War, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,

And bade his storms arise!
Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His sullen shrines to burn;
But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,

And gain thy blest return!
O peace, thy injur'd robes up-bind
O rise, and leave not one behind

Of all thy beamy train:
The British lion, Goddess sweet,
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,

And own thy holier reign.
Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,

By warlike Honour led!
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

Collins.

The moderate Wish.

An old Ballad. *)

If I could but attain my wish,
I'd have each day one wholesome dish
Of plain meat, fowl or fish.

A Glass of port, with good old beer,
In winter-time a fire burnt clear,
Tobacco, pipes, and easy chair.

In some clean town a snug retreat,
A little garden 'fore my gate,
With thousand pounds a year estate.

After my house expence was clear,
Whatever I could have to spare
The neighb'ring poor should share.

To keep content and peace thro' life,
I'd have a prudent, cleanly wife,
Stranger to noise and strife;

Then I, when blest with such estate,
With such a house and such a mate,
Would envy not the great.

Let them for noisy honours try,
Let them seek worldly praise, while I
Unnotic'd live and die.

But since dame Fortune han't thought fit,
To place me in affluence — yet
I'll be content with what I get.

He's happiest far, whose humble mind
Is unto providence resign'd,
And thinks Fortune allways kind.

Then I will strive, to bind my wish,
And take, instead of fowl and fish,
What e'er is thrown into my dish.

Instead of wealth and fortune great,
Garden, house, and loving mate,
I'll rest content in servile state.

I'll from each folly strive to fly,
Each virtue to attain I'll try,
And live, as I would wish to die.

*) L. M. Nov. 1769.

S o n g.

Come, all ye youths, whose hearts e'er bled
 By cruel beauty's pride;
 Bring each a garland on his head,
 Let none his sorrows hide:
 But hand in hand around me move,
 Singing the saddest tales of love;
 And see, when your complaints ye join,
 If all your wrongs can equal mine.
 The happy'st mortal once was I;
 My heart no sorrows knew.
 Pity the pain, with which I die,
 But ask not, whence it grew.
 Yet, if a tempting fair you find,
 That's very lovely, very kind,
 Tho' bright as heav'n, whose stamp she bears,
 Think of my fate, and shun her snares.

Thom. Otway. ()*

() Orphan, a Trag. A. V, sc. i.*

T h e B a r g a i n.

Tell me no more, I am deceiv'd,
 That Chloe's false and common:

I allways knew (at least believ'd)

She was a very woman;

As such, I lik'd, as such, carefs'd;

She still was constant, when possess'd;

She could do more for no man.

But oh! her thoughts on others ran,

And that you think a hard thing;

Perhaps she fancy'd you the man;

And what care I a farthing?

You think, she's false; I'm sure, she's kind;

I take her body; you her mind;

Who hath the better bargain?

Wm. Congreve.

The Question, to *Lisetta*.

What Nymph shou'd I admire, or trust,

But *Cloe*, Beauteous, *Cloe* Just?

What Nymph should I desire to see,

But Her who leaves the Plain for Me?

To whom shou'd I compose the Lay,

But Her who listens when I play?

To whom in Song repeat my Cares,

But Her who in my Sorrow shares?

For Whom shou'd I the Garland make,

But Her who joys the Gift to take,

And boasts She wears it for my Sake?

In Love am I not fully blest?

Lisetta, pr'y thee tell the rest.

Lisetta's Reply.

Sure *Cloe* Just, and *Cloe* Fair

Deserves to be Your only Care;

But when You and She to Day

Far into the Wood did stray,

And I happen'd to pass by;

Which way did You cast your Eye?

But when your Cares to Her You sing,

Yet dare not tell Her whence they spring,

Does it not more afflict your Heart,

That in those Cares she bears a Part?

When You the Flow'rs for *Cloe* twine,

Why do You to Her Garland join

The meanest Bud that falls from Mine?

Simplest of swains! the World may see,

Whom *Cloe* loves, and Who loves Me.

Prior.

Ariel's Song.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
 In a cowslip's Bell I lie;
 There I couch, when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly,
 After Summer, merrily,
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom, that hangs on the bough.

*Shakespeare, *)*

*) *Tempest. A. V. sc. 3.*

To Celia *)

Not, Celia, that I am more just,
 Or truer than the rest;
 For I could change each hour like them,
 Were it my interest.
 But I am ty'd to very thee
 By ev'ry thought I have;
 Should you again my heart set free,
 I'd be again your slave.
 For all in woman is ador'd
 In thy dear self I find;
 For the whole sex can but afford
 The handsom and the kind,

Then why should I seek further store
And make my love anew?

Since change it self can give no more

'Tis easy to be true.

*) *Poems on affairs of state Vol. III. 393.*

The Inconstant. *)

Fair and soft and gay and young,
All charm! she play'd, she danc'd, she sung,
There was no way, to 'scape the dart,
No care could guard the lover's heart.
Ah! why, cry'd I, and dropt a tear,
(Adoring, yet despairing e'er
To have her to myself alone)
Was so much sweetness made for one?

But, growing bolder, in her ear
I in soft numbers told my care:
She heard, and rais'd me from her feet,
And seem'd to glow with equal heat.
Like heaven's, too mighty to express,
My joys could but be known by guess!
Ah? fool, said I, what have I done,
To wish her made for more than one?

But long I had not been in view,
 Before her eyes their beams withdrew;
 E'er I had reckon'd half her charms,
 She sunk into another's arms.
 But she, that once could faithless be,
 Will favour him no more than me:
 He too will find himself undone,
 And that she was not made for one.

**) Gent. Mag. May. 1738. 270.*

O r p h e u s.

When Orpheus went down to the regions below,
 Which men are forbidden to see,
 He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,
 'To set his Euridice free
 All hell was astonish'd, a person so wise
 Should rashly endanger his life,
 And venture so far; but how vast their surprize!
 When they heard, that he came for his wife.
 To find out a punishment due to the fault,
 Old Pluto had puzzl'd his brain;
 But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought,
 So he gave him his wife back again.
 But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his heart,
 And pleas'd with his playing so well,

He

He took her again in reward of his art;
Such Power had music in Hell.

S o n g.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus' gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd 1) flowers that lies: 2)
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin, 3)
My Lady sweet arise;
Arise, arise!

Shakespear, 4).

1) The Cup of a flower is calix whence chalice.

2) i. e. the morning sun dries up the dew, which
lies in the Cup of flowers. Warburton.

3) is.

4) Cymbeline. A. II. sc. 3. Johnson's and Steevens'
ed. IX. 194.

Take those lips away.

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;

Retzer's Choice. Vol. II. E

And those eyes, like break of day,

Lights, that do mislead the morn:

But my kisses bring again,

Seals of love, tho' seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,

Which thy frozen bosom bears,

On whose tops the pinks that grow,

Are yet of those, that April wears:

But first set my poor heart free,

Bound in those icy chains by thee.

The first stanza of this little Sonnet justly admired for its extreme sweetness, is found in Shakespeare's Measure for Measure Act. IV. sc. I. Both the stanzas are preserved in Beaumont's and Fletcher's Bloody brother. Act. V. sc. 2. Works. vol. V. 163. Johnson's and Steevens' Shakespeare vol. II. 92.

Pious Selinda.

Pious Selinda goes to pray'rs,

When I but ask a favour;

And yet the tender fool's in tears,

When she believes, I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this restraint,

Or else had hopes to win her;

Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner.

Wm. Congreve,

An Ode on St. Caecilia's day,
adapted to the ancient british music, viz. the
saltbox, the jew's harp, the marrow-bones
and cleavers, the humstrung or hurdy-gurdy
&c. as it was performed on June 10. 1763.
at Ranelagh. (*)

Cedite, tibicines Itali, vos cedite, Galli;

Dico iterum vobis, cedite, tibicines.

Cedite, tibicines, vobis ter dico, quaterque

Jam vobis dico, cedite, tibicines. *Alex. Heinsius.*

Translation.

Yield, yield, ye fiddlers, french, italians!

Yield, yield, I say again — rascalions.

One, two, three times I say, fiddlers give o'er;

Yield ye, I now say times 1, 2, 3, 4.

Part I.

Recitative accompanied.

Be dumb, be dumb, ye inharmonious sounds,
And music, that the astonish'd ear with discord wounds:
No more let common rhymes prophane the day.

(*) *With an introduction.* London 4. 1763.

Grand Chorus.

Grac'd with divine Cecilia's name;
 Let solemn hymns this awful feast proclaim,
 And heavenly notes conspire to raise the heav'nly lay.

Recitative accompanied.

The meaner melody we scorn,
 Which vulgar instruments afford,
 Shrill flute, sharp fiddle, bellowing horn,
 Rumbling bassoon, or tinkling harpsicord.

Air.

In strains more exalted the saltbox shall join,
 And clattering, and battering, and clapping combine
 With a rap and a tap, while the hollow side sounds,
 Up and down leaps the flap, and with rattling rebounds.

Recitative.

Strike, strike the soft Judaic harp,
 Soft and sharp,
 By teeth coercive in firm durance kept,
 And lightly by the volant finger swept.

Air.

Buzzing twangs the iron lyre,
 shrilly thrilling;
 Trembling, thrilling,
 Whizzing the wav'ring wire.

A grand symphony,
accompanied by marrowbones and cleavers.
 Hark, how the banging marrow - bones
 Make clanging cleavers ring,
 With a ding dong, ding dong,
 Ding dong, ding dong,
 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding,
 Raise your uplifted arms on high,
 In long - prolonged tones
 Let cleavers found
 A merry merry round
 By banging marrow - bones.

Full Chorus.

Hark, how the banging marrowbones &c. &c. &c.

Recit. accompanied.

Cease, lighter numbers: hither bring
 The undulating string
 Stretch'd out, and to the tumid bladder
 In amity harmonious bound;
 Then deeper swell the notes and sadder,
 And let the hoarse base slowly solemn found.

Air.

With dead, dull, doleful, heavy hum,
 With mournful moans,

And grievous groans,
The sober hurdy - gurdy 1). thrums,

Part II.

Recitative accompanied.

With magic sounds, like these, did Orpheus' lyre
Motion, sense, and life inspire;
When, as he play'd, the list'ning flood
Still'd its loquacious waves, and silent stood;
The trees swift - bounding danc'd with loosen'd stumps,
And sluggish stones caper'd in active jumps.

Air.

Each ruddy - breasted robin
The concert bore a bob in,
And ev'ry hooting owl around;
The croaking frogs,
The grunting hogs,
All, all conspir'd to raise th' enliv'ning sound.

Recitative.

Now to Cecilia, heav'nly maid,
Your loud, united voices raise,
With solemn hymns to celebrate her praise.
Each instrument shall lend its aid.
The saltbox with clattering and clapping shall sound,

1) This instrument, by the learned, is sometimes
called a hum - drum.

The iron lyre
 Buzzing twang with wav'ring wire,
 With heavy hum
 The sober hurdy - gurdy thrum,
 And the merry merry marrow - bones ring round.

Last grand Chorus.

Such matchless strains Cecilia knew,
 When audience from their heav'nly sphere,
 By harmony's strong pow'r she drew,
 Whilst list'ning angels gladly stoop'd to hear.

Bonell Thornton, Esq.

The Monkeys.

Who e'er with curious eye has rang'd
 Through Ovids tales, has seen
 How Jove, incens'd to monkeys chang'd
 A tribe of worthless men.
 Repentant soon th' offending race
 Intreat the injur'd pow'r,
 To give them back the human face,
 And raison's aid restore.
 Jove sooth'd at lenght, his ear inclin'd,
 And granted half their pray'r,
 But th' other half he bade the wind
 Disperse in empty air.

Scarce had the thund'rer give the nod,
 That shook the vaulted skies,
 With haughtier air the creatures strode,
 And stretch'd their twindled size.
 The hair in curls luxuriant now
 Around their temples spread,
 The tail that whilom hung below
 Now dangled from the head.
 The head remains unchang'd within
 Nor alter'd much the face,
 It still retains its native grin,
 And all its old grimace,
 Thus half transform'd and half the same.
 Jove bad them take their place,
 Restoring them their ancient claim
 Among the human race.
 Man with contempt the brute survey'd
 Nor would a name bestow,
 But woman lik'd the motley breed,
 And call'd the thing a beau.

Merrick.

T h e W i s h.

I.

I care not, ye Gods, for the breath of a name;
 I request only pleasure; give great men their fame:

I seek not through ages my glory to spread,
 Let me *live* while I *live* and when *buried* be *dead*.

II.

May I find a retreat where the sense of our Isle,
 And it's liberty flourish with Spring's constant smile;
 Where the softness of climate makes pleasure of ease;
 Where fragrance and health are convey'd in each breeze.

III.

There in verdure embower'd will I often recline,
 And thank, for his foliage, the God of the vine
 Yet let not Life's current inactively roll,
 Let my friend, nymph, and bottle, give play to my soul.

IV.

May I read sometimes authors who write like Montagne,
 Who speak to the fancy, but plague not the brain;
 And when a gay hour, brings chimerical views,
 As I sport with my mistress, I'll sport with my Muse.

V.

Thus the pale spectre Care may I still chace away,
 My night crown'd with rapture, with pleasure my day;
 From the lumber of life and it's Knave'ry releas'd,
 The lie of the Statesman, the gloom of the Priest.

VI.

I care not, ye Gods, for the breath of a name
 I request only pleasure, give great men their name;

May I live to myself, while to others I shine,
Let *theirs* be the cloud, let Juno be mine.

By a Gentleman. *)

A Reproof to a Young Man.

Why do you thus, mistaken youth!

Forego my friendship, and thy Truth

By flattery most unkind?

Is this to sooth our foolish pride,

And from ourselves our faults to hide

'The office of a friend?

Those lies in fashion I despise;

Plain honest truth is what I prize

And hold in high esteem:

You'd best, my friend, the mode forbear,

Dare to be honest and sincere

And really what you seem.

(By Miss B — ce)

*) This and the following nine pieces are out of the
Caledoniad a collection of poems written chiefly
by scottish authors London 1775. 8vo.

A Translation of Voltaire's Stanzas
On old Age.

I.

Say, would you have me still love on;
 Restore my youthful days!
 Recall that time, which now is gone,
 That mid-day sun of life, which shone
 With youth's refulgent lays.

II.

For now old Time bids me retire
 From off this active stage,
 The manly heat, the lively fire,
 Which wine and tender love inspire,
 Alas! don't suit with age.

III.

Pleasures no longer are our care,
 They're made for youth alone;
 Teach us, O Wisdom, how to share,
 The little time we have to spare
 And one-half be thy own.

IV.

Must all my joys that now remain,
 Be mixt with this alloy;
 Is all that dear delusion vain,
 Which use'd to sweeten ev'ry pain
 And brighten every joy.

V.

Death waits us twice, ye Powers above

What pain the first must give,
To die to Pleasure and to Love,
That is the death I dread to prove

'Tis nought to cease to live.

VI.

Thus I of all my woes complain'd,

In hopes to find relief;
With fierce desire my breath was pain'd,
The power was gone, the wish remain'd,
And height'ned every grief.

VII.

When lo! from Heaven, fair Friendship came,

She seem'd my last resource
Like Love, her tenderness the same,
More sure and lasting is her flame,

Though not of equal force.

VIII.

I yielded to her mild controul

But still I did bemoan;
And still the trickling tear that stole,
Witness'd how much it vex'd my soul,
To follow her alone.

K — H.

*A Letter written to the Parson at Lisle
from Sas van Ghent.*

I.

Dear minister my landard stile,
Is not like what you hear at Lisle;
But gin it serves to gar you smile

I dinna care:

Perhaps it may divert a while,

I seek na mair,

II.

O haste you back my friend in chief,
For well I wat I need relief
Your absence causes a' my grief;

And 'tis most certain

I've hardly eat two pounds of beef

Since our last parting

III.

Dear Ally did you never see

A Cushie • dow fit on a tree

Pining its lane, and like to die

Wanting its mate

Tis ev'ry bit as ill wi' me;

My grief's fae great

IV.

Hin ye as meikle time can spare,

Write us what ye hae seen that's rare,

Or if ye think that Lisle's as fair

As good auld Reekie;

Or gin fry'd paddocks can compare

Wi' cockie — leekie.

V.

I wish the Major joy for ever,

I'm glad that Sandie's lost his fever,

My compliments to Jock the Clever,

And to young Charley

Lord Keep you a' frae Cupid's quiver

And ye'll do rarely.

VI.

Omay that man be ever blest,

Sound may he sleep in his dead kist

Wha ordered the three monthly list

For' gain April

Nane of ye a' can then be mist,

To stay at Lisle

VII.

Instead of a' your fine champagne

When ye come hame ye'll a'be fain

To take to good rum-punch again

Or sic like liquor

Which well I wot ye'll no disdain,

Good Mr Vicar

VIII.

When ye're come back, we'll never part,
 'Till Death shall fling his deadly dart,
 For I am your's without all art

Not from the teeth;
 But from the botom of my heart,

Your Ally Keith.

(By Sir R—t M—y K—h.)

A S o n g.

Made at Bergen - opzoom March 1752, at the
 Reduction that happened at that time

Tune, Ye Gods, ye gave to me a wife

I.

The Prince made me a Grenadier,
 Out of his grace and favour;
 For which I thank my friends, I swear,
 And not my good behaviour.

II.

But if the states, to save expence,
 Will break their very humble,
 And with my service can dispense,
 'Tis not worth while to grumble.

(By Sir R—t M—y K—h.)

An Elegy on the Death of an aimable
young Lady written in 1761.

While others sing the heroes glorious fate,
And tune to warlike strains the sounding lyre,
Their noble lives, their fearless deaths relate,
Their gallant deeds, which wake the Muses fire;
While British bards, to Wolfe's immortal praise,
Rehearse his victories and fatal doom;
And as his monument the sculptors raise
Spread freshest garlands on their warrior's tomb:

Let me, whose humbler Muse hath ne'er aspir'd
To such majestic, such exalting strains,
By elegiac song be now inspir'd,
And mourn a virgin snatched from these plains.
Sweet wast thou, as the op'ning summer's rose,
'Too just an emblem of thee, lovely maid!
Which in the morning buds, at mid-day blows,
But withers by the chilly ev'ning's shade.

Calm and serene you led a peaceful life,
Religion's sacred task thy only boast;
Unknown to stormy passion, or to strife,
Thou liv'd in ev'ry good, in friendship most.
Amid the joyful gaiety of youth,
The Christian's dignity thou still preserv'd,

Trod

Trod all the paths of piety and truth,
Nor in thy actions nor thy precepts swerv'd.

Snatch'd from this low, inhospitable clime
While fortune smil'd upon thy chearful head,
Ev'n in the pride and flower of youthful prime
Thou number'd lies, among the numerous dead.
Thy lovely sisters, and thy aged sire,
In deep distress, thy hapless fate deplore;
Praise thy past life, and, while they praise admire,
And wail their charming friend, alas! no more.

No costly monument adorns thy tomb,
No panegyric spreads thy humble fame;
Nor verses, carv'd upon the sculptur'd dome,
Transmit to after-times thy virtuous name.
Oft as the circling sun returns the day
On which thou mounted to the realms of rest,
Unto thy lonely grave I'll yearly hie,
And bid the turf lie easy on thy breast.

I'll sprinkle flowers of ev'ry richest dye,
And deck thy grave with wreaths of liveliest hue,
Then shed a tear, and breathe the heaving sigh
To sacred friendship; sure so much is due.
Farewell, my charmer, peace attend thy rest,
Thou, who in virtue did so much excel;

For this I hail thee blest, — supremely blest.
Adieu, — adieu, — a long — a last farewell.

By I — B — Esq.

The Cell of Solitude.

Dim as the fleeting visions of the night,
A dark tower tottering clos'd the extended view;
While round its spires, illum'd with feeble light,
The flitting bat and boding raven flew.
Rent was the hanging arch, the domes o'erthrown;
Nor tread was heard along the desert pile,
Save when the troubled ghost with hollow moan
Strode slowly o'er the long — resounding isle.
One only cell withstood the waste of Time:
'Twas where a turret rear'd its moss — clad brow:
Gloomy it stood, in fading pomp sublime,
And shew'd the mouldering wrecks that frown'd
below.
Here, on her hand her drooping head reclin'd,
Wrapt in deep musing, sat the lonely Power;
Pensive she sat, and heard the howling wind
Die faintly murmuring round her ivy'd bower.
In graceful ringlets fell her amber hair;
Black as the raven's plumes her mantle flow'd;

No Cupids rund her fann'd the fullen air,
 Nor festive Echo chear'd her lone abode.
 But the wild harp that to the blast complains,
 Sooth'd with melodious plaint her raptur'd ear:
 Deep solemn, awful roll'd the varying strains,
 Such strains as Seraphims with transport hear.

Ogilvie.

T h e C h o i c e .

A Man that's neither high nor low
 In party, nor in stature;
 No noisy Rake, nor fickle Beau,
 That's us'd to cringe and flatter;
 And let him be no learned fool
 That nods o'er musty books;
 Who eats and drinks, and lives by rule,
 And weighs my words and looks:
 Let him be easy, frank and gay,
 Of dancing never tir'd;
 Always have something smart to say,
 But silent, if requir'd.

By *A Lady*.

On reading some Verses, written by an
amiable young Lady.

While Clio, pond'ring o'er thy lines I roll,
Dwell on each thought, and meditate thy soul,
Methinks I view thee in some calm retreat,
Far from all guilt, distraction, and deceit:
'Thence pitying view the thoughtless Fair and gay,
Who whirl their lives in giddiness away:
'Thence greatly scorning what the World calls Great,
Contemn the proud, their tumults, power, and state;
And deem it, thence, inglorious to descend,
For aught, below, but virtue and a friend.
How com'st thou fram'd so diff'rent, from thy sex,
Whom trifles ravish, and whom trifles vex?
Capricious things! all flutter, whim, and show,
And light and varying as the winds that blow.
To candour, sense, to love, to friendship blind;
To flatt'ers, fools, and coxcombs, only kind?
Say whence those hints, those bright ideas came,
That warm thy breast with friendship's holy flame?
That close thy heart against the joys of youth,
And ope thy mind to all the rays of truth:
'That with such sweetness and such grace unite.
The gay, the prudent, virtuous, and polite,
As Heav'n inspires thy sentiment divine,

May Heav'n vouchsafe a friendship worthy thine !
 A friendship plac'd where ease and fragrance reign.
 Where Nature sways us, and no laws restrain.
 Where studious leisure, prospects unconfin'd
 And heav'nly musing, lift th'aspiring mind :
 There, with thy friend, may years on years be spent,
 In blooming health, and ever gay content ;
 There blend your cares with soft assuasive arts ;
 There sooth the passions, there unfold your hearts,
 Join in each wish, and warming into love,
 Approach the raptures of the blest above.

By Lady Mary. —

On Shakespeare.

Great Shakespear's Works, Octavos, Quartos, Folios,
 Were once so swift of sale, that Chicks and Oglios,
 With Claret and Champaign, crow'nd Tonson's board :
 Ev'n Non — proprietors could then afford
 Mutton and Port. Now Critics, Commentators,
 Hypers and all the Train of Wordy -- Praters,
 Wrangling about him, quite confuse his Text :
 And where he's clear, they'll sware he is perplex'd.
 During this heat of verbal altercation,
 Lifeless the shelf he loads. No Dutch Translation
 Could e'er have hurt him more. Editors may

Fill their own purses, make the Public pay,
 But still we suffer. One says the Johnsonian
 Edition nothing means. The Warburtonian
 Perverts the sense; and the superb Oxonian
 Dresses the ancient Bard in modern guise;
 Laborious Theobald, dealt in Trifles, cries
 Another; Pope was lazy; careless Rowe
 Found the Page faulty, and he left it so.

Poet divine! — when to fair Avon's stream
 Thou didst retire, had then some kindly dream
 Inform'd thee of the Literary Rage
 Thy Works would kindle in a distant Age,
 Some of those moments sure by thee enjoy'd
 In sacred leizure, would have been employ'd
 To give us in their native honest garb
 Thy own pathetic Scenes, illustrious bard!
 Though thou wert nobly negligent of fame,
 Something methinks to thy much — injur'd Name,
 Immortal! sure was due. Oh, that thy Pen
 Had check'd the Boldness of licentious men;
 That thou had'st giv'n a twentieth of that Time,
 Which Pope bestow'd in polishing his Rhyme,
 To a Revival of thy Thoughts sublime!
 Nor suffer'd the interpolating Race
 Of pedant Players to mix, to thy disgrace
 Their heterogeneous Trash, and to defile;

With their low Ribaldry, thy manly stile,
 Then had we seen thee in thy genuine Light,
 Like a strong Eagle, soaring to the Height,
 Proving *not gain* *) but glory wing'd thy flight.

By a Bookseller.

*) *For gain not glory, wing'd his roving flight.*

Pope on Shakespeare.

Cymon, and Iphigenia,

From

Boccace.

Poeta loquitur.

Old as I am, for ladies love unfit,
 The pow'r of beauty I remember yet;
 Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires my wit,
 If love be folly, the severe divine
 Has felt that folly, tho' he censures mine;
 Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace,
 Acts what I write, and propagates in grace
 With riotous excess, a priestly race:
 Suppose him free, and that I forge th' offence,
 He shew'd the way, perverting first my sense:
 In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
 He makes me speak the things I never thought.

Compute the gains of his ungovern'd Zeal ;
 Ill sutes his cloth the praise of railing well !
 The world will think that what we loosely write ,
 Tho' now arraign'd he read with some delight ;
 Because he seems to chew the cud again ,
 When his broad comment makes the text too plain :
 And teaches more in one explaining page ,
 Than all the double meanings of the stage .

What needs he paraphrase on what we mean ?
 We were at worst but wanton ; he's obscene .
 I , nor my fellows , nor myself excuse ;
 But love's the subject of the comic Muse :
 Nor can we write without it , nor would you
 A tale of only dry instruction view ;
 Nor love is always of a vicious kind ,
 But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind .
 Awakes the sleepy vigour of the soul ,
 And brushing o'er adds motion to the pool .
 Love , studious how to please , improves our parts ,
 With polish'd manners , and adorns with arts .
 Love first invented verse , and form'd the rhyme ,
 The motion measur'd , harmoniz'd the chime ;
 To lib'ral acts enlarg'd the narrow - soul'd :
 Soften'd the fierce , and made the coward bold :
 The world when waste , he peopled with increase ,
 And warring nations reconcil'd in peace .

Ormond, the first, and all the fair may find,
 In this one legend, to their fame design'd,
 When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind.

In that sweet isle, where Venus keeps her court;
 And ev'ry Grace, and all the Loves resort;
 Where either sex is form'd of softer earth,
 And takes the bent of pleasure from their birth;
 'There liv'd a Cyprian lord, above the rest,
 Wise, wealthy, with a num'rous issue blest.

But, as no gift of fortune is sincere,
 Was only wanting in a worthy heir:
 His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
 Excell'd the rest in shape and outward shew;
 Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
 But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind:
 His soul bely'd the features of his face;
 Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace.
 A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
 And stupid eyes, that ever lov'd the ground.

He look'd like Nature's error, as the mind
 And body were not of a piece design'd,
 But made for two, and by mistake in one were join'd.

The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
 Were exercis'd in vain on wit's despair;
 The more inform'd, the less he understood,
 And deep'r sunk by flound'ring in the mud.

Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame,
 The people from Galefus chang'd his name,
 And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute,
 So well his name did with his nature suit.

His father, when he found his labour lost,
 And care employ'd, that answer'd not the cost,
 Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
 And loath'd to see what nature made him love;
 So to his country-farm the fool confin'd;
 Rude work well suited with a rustic mind,
 Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
 A squire among the swains, and pleas'd with banish-
 ment.

His corn, and cattle, were his only care,
 And his supreme delight a country-fare.

It happen'd on a summer's holiday,
 That to the greenwood-shade he took his way;
 For Cymon shun'd the church, and us'd not much to
 pray.

His quarter-staff, which he cou'd ne'er forsake,
 Hung half before, and half behind his back.
 He trudg'd along unknowing what he fought,
 And whistled as he went, for want of thought.

By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
 The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;
 Where in a plain, defended by the wood,

Crept through the matted glass a chrystal flood;
 By which an alabaster fountain stood;
 And on the margin of the fount was laid
 (Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid.
 Like Dian, and her nymphs, when tir'd with sport,
 To rest by cool Eurotas they resort;
 'The dame herself the goddess well express'd,
 Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
 Than by the charming features of her face,
 And ev'n in slumber a superior grace:
 Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
 Her body shaded with a slight cymarr;
 Her bosom to the view was only bare:
 Where two beginning paps were scarcely spy'd,
 For yet their places were but signify'd;
 The fanning wind upon her bosom blows;
 To meet the fanning wind, the bosom rose;
 The fanning wind, and purling streams continue her
 repose.

'The fool of nature, stood with stupid eyes,
 And gaping mouth, that testify'd surprize,
 Fix'd on her face, nor cou'd remove his sight,
 New as he was to love, and novice in delight.
 Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
 His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh;
 Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering sense

First found his want of words, and fear'd offense,
Doubted for what, he was he should be known,
By his clown - accent, and his country tone.

Through the rude chaos thus the running light
Shot the first ray that pierc'd the native night;
Then day and darkness in the mass were mix'd:
Till gather'd in a globe, the beams were fix'd,
Last shone the sun, who radiant in his sphere,
Illumin'd heav'n, and earth, and roll'd around the year.
So reason in his brutal soul began;
Love made him first suspect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound,
By love his want of words and wit he found.
That sense of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of a day.

What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
Cou'd plant with pains in his unpolish'd heart,
The best instructor love at once inspir'd;
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir'd:
Love taught him shame, and shame with love at strife,
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life.
His gross material soul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind;
Exciting a desire till then unknown,
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
This made the first impression in his mind,

Above, but just above, the brutal kind.
 For beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
 Nor their own liking by reflection know;
 Nor why they like, or this or t'other face,
 Or judge of this or that peculiar grace
 But love in gross, and stupidly admire,
 As flies, allur'd by light, approach the fire.
 Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,
 First likes the whole, then sep'rates what he sees;
 On sev'ral parts a sev'ral praise bestows,
 The ruby lips, the well-proportion'd nose,
 The snowy skin, the raven-glossy hair,
 The dimpled cheek, the forehead rising fair,
 And ev'n in sleep itself a smiling air.
 From thence, his eyes descending, view'd the rest,
 Her plump round arms, white hands, and heaving
 breast.

Long on the last he dwelt, though ev'ry part,
 A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.

Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown,
 (A judge erected from a country-clown);
 He long'd to see her eyes, in slumber hid,
 And wish'd his own cou'd pierce within the lid:
 He wou'd have wak'd her, but restrain'd his thought;
 And love new-born, the first good manners taught,
 An awful fear his ardent wish withstood,

Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood ;
 For such she seem'd by her celestial face ,
 Excelling all the rest of human race :
 And things divine, by common sense he knew ,
 Must be devoutly seen a distant view.
 So checking his desire, with trembling heart,
 Gazing he stood, nor would, nor could depart ;
 Fix'd as a pilgrim, wilder'd in his way,
 Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray,
 But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn of day.

A length awaking, Iphigene the fair,
 (So was the beauty call'd who caus'd his care,)
 Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd,
 While those of all her slaves in sleep were seal'd.

The slaving cudden, prop'd upon his staff,
 Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh,
 To welkome her awake, nor durst begin
 To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.
 Then she: What make you, Cymon, here alone?
 (For Cymon's name was round the country known
 Because descended of a noble race,
 And for a soul ill sort'd with his face.)

But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
 With fix'd regard on her new-open'd eyes,
 And in his breast receiv'd th' invenom'd dart ;
 A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the smart,

But, conscious of her form, with quick distrust
 She saw his sparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal lust:
 This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy crew,
 And, rising hasty, took a short adieu.

Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay'd,
 With proffer'd service to the parting maid,
 To see her safe: His hand she long deny'd;
 But took at length, asham'd of such a guide.
 So Cymon led her home; and leaving there,
 No more wou'd to his country clowns repair;
 But sought his father's house with better mind,
 Refusing in the farm to be confin'd

The father wonder'd at the son's return,
 And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
 But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still
 To learn the secret causes of his alter'd will.
 Nor was he long delay'd; the first request
 He made, was, like his brothers to be dress'd,
 And as his birth requir'd above the rest.

With ease his suit was granted by his fire,
 Distinguishing his heir by rich attire:
 His body thus adorn'd, he neat design'd
 With lib'ral arts to cultivate his mind:
 He sought a tutor of his own accord,
 And study'd lessons he before abhorr'd.

Thus the man-child advanc'd, and learn'd so
fast,

That in short time his equals he surpass'd:
His brutal manners from his breast exil'd,
His mien he fashion'd and his tongue he fil'd;
In ev'ry exercise of all admir'd,
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspir'd,
Inspir'd by love, whose business is to please:
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful ease;
More fam'd for sense for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.

What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,
But that the fire which, choak'd in ashes, lay
A load too heavy for his soul to move,
Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by love?
Love made an active progress through his mind;
The dusky parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd;
The drowsy wak'd; and, as he went, impress'd
The Maker's image on the human beast.
Thus was the man amended by desire;
And though he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reason scan'd,
And lik'd an error of the better hand;
Excus'd th' excess of passion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd:
So Cymon, since his fire indulg'd his will,

Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon still;
 Galesus he disown'd and chose to bear
 The name of fool confirm'd, and bishop'd by the fair.

To Cipseus, by his friends, his suit he mov'd
 Cipseus the father of the fair he lov'd;
 But he was pre-engag'd by former ties,
 While Cymon was endeavoring to be wise;
 And Iphigene, oblig'd by former vows,
 Had giv'n her faith to wed a foreign spouse:
 Her fire and she to Rhodian Pasimond,
 Though both repenting, were by promise bound;
 Nor could retract: And thus, as Fate decreed,
 Though better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.

The doom was pass'd; the ship already sent,
 Did all his tardy diligence prevent:
 Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid;
 While stormy Cymon thus in secret said:
 The time is come for Iphigene to find
 The miracle she wrought upon my mind:
 Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd love,
 In rank shall place me with the bless'd above,
 For mine by love, by force she shall be mine,
 Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my design.

Resolv'd he said: And rigg'd with speedy care,
 A vessel strong, and well equipp'd for war:
 The secret ship with chosen friends he stor'd,

And, bent to die or conquer, went on board.
 Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian shore,
 Waiting the fail that all his wishes bore;
 Nor long expected, for the following tide
 Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous bride.

To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,
 When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd,
 And stopp'd her flight: Then, standing on his prow
 In haughty terms he thus defy'd the foe:
 Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
 To prove the last extremities of war.
 Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight provide;
 Already were the vessels side by side,
 These obstinate to save, and those to seize the bride.
 But Cymon soon his crooked grapples cast,
 Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
 And arm'd with sword and shield, amid the press he
 pass'd
 Fierce was the fight, but, hast'ning to his prey,
 By force the furious lover freed his way:
 Himself alone dispers'd the Rhodian crew;
 The weak disdain'd, the valiant overthrew;
 Cheap conquest for his following friends remain'd;
 He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.

His victory confess'd, the foes retreat,
 And cast their weapons at the victor's feet.

Whom thus he chear'd : O Rhodian youth, I fought
 For love alone, nor other booty fought;
 Your lives are safe; your vessel I resign;
 Yours be your own, restoring what is mine:
 In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
 Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you:
 Your Pasimond a lawless bargain drove,
 'The parent could not sell the daughter's love;
 Or, if he cou'd, my love disdains the laws,
 And like a king by conquest gains his cause:
 Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain;
 Love taught me force, and force shall love maintain.
 You, what by strength you could not keep, release,
 And at an easy ransom buy your peace.

Fear on the conquer'd side soon sign'd th' accord,
 And Iphigene to Cymon was restor'd.
 While to his arms the blushing bride he took;
 To seeming sadness she compos'd her look;
 As if by force subjected to his will,
 Tho' pleas'd, dissembling, and a woman still.
 And, for she wept, he wip'd her falling tears,
 And pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears;
 For yours I am, he said, and have deserv'd
 Your love much better, whom so long I serv'd,
 Than he to whom your formal father ty'd
 Your vows; and sold a slave, not sent a bride.

Thus while he spoke he seiz'd the willing prey,
As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away:
Faintly she scream'd; and ev'n her eyes confess'd
She rather would be thought, than was distress'd.

Who now exults but Cymon in his mind;
Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,
Proud of the present, to the future blind
Secure of fate while Cymon ploughs the sea,
And steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,
Scarce the third glass of measur'd hours was run,
When like a fiery meteor sunk the sun;
'The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
Forsoke by fits, and fill the flagging sails:
Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
And night came on not by degrees prepar'd,
But all at once; at once the winds arise,
The thunders roul, the forky lightning flies:
In vain the master issues out commands,
In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands:
The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
And from the first they labour in despair.
The giddy ship, betwixt the winds and tides,
Forc'd back and forwards, in a circle rides,
Stunn'd with the diff'rent blows; then shoots amain,
'Till counterbuff'd she stops, and sleeps again.
Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,

Plung'd from the height of heav'n to deepest hell,
 Than stood the lover, of his love possess'd;
 Now curs'd, the more, the more he had been bless'd:
 More anxious for her danger than his own,
 Death he defies; but would be lost alone.

Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints
 Adds pious pray'rs, and wearies all the saints;
 Ev'n is she could, her love she would repent,
 But since she cannot, dreads the punishment:
 Her forfeit faith, and Pasimond betray'd,
 Are ever present, and her crime upbraid.
 She blames herself, nor blames her lover less,
 Augments her anger as her fears increase:
 From her own back the burden would remove,
 And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
 Which interposing durst in Heav'n's despight
 Invade, and violate another's right:
 The pow'rs incens'd a while deferr'd his pain,
 And made him master of his vows in vain:
 But soon they punish'd his presumptuous pride;
 That for his daring enterprize she dy'd,
 Who rather not resisted, than comply'd.

Then impotent of mind, with alter'd sense,
 She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence;
 Sex to the last: Mean time, with sails declin'd,
 The wand'ring vessel drove before the wind:

Toss'd, and retoss'd, aloft, and then alow;
Nor port they seek, nor certain course they know,
But ev'ry moment wait the coming blow.

'Thus blindly driv'n, by breaking day they view'd
The land before'em, and their fears renew'd;
The land was welcome, but the tempest bore
The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.

A winding bay was near; to his they bent,
And just escap'd; their force already spent:
Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
The land unknown at leisure they survey;
And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
The rising tow'rs of Rhodes at distant view;
And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,
Sav'd from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the ground.

'The frightened sailors try'd their strength in vain
To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main;
But the stiff wind wits stood the lab'ring oar,
And forc'd them forward on the fatal shoar!
The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand,
And the ship moor'd, constrains the crew to land;
Yet still they might be safe because unknown,
But as ill fortune seldom comes alone,
'The vessel they dismiss'd was driv'n before
Already shelter'd on their native shore;

Known each, they know: But each with change of
cheer:

The vanquish'd side exults; the victors fear;
Not them but theirs, made pris'ners e'er they fight,
Despairing conquests, and depriv'd of flight.

The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
Mouths without hands; maintain'd at vast expence,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
And ever, but in times of need at hand:
'This was the morn when issuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepar'd
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
'Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.

The cowards would have fled, but that they
knew
Themselves so many, and their foes so few;
But crowding on, the last the first impel;
Till overborn with weight the Cyprians fell.
Cymon inslav'd, who first the war begun,
And Iphigene once more is lost and won.

Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast,
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters fast:
His life was only spar'd at their request,
Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd:

But Iphigenia was the ladies care;
 Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair;
 While Pasimond and his the nuptial feast prepare,

Her secret soul to Cymon was inclin'd,
 But she must suffer what her fates assign'd;
 So passive is the church of womankind.

What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal
 Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel?
 It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
 Or raise him upward to his former height;
 'The latter pleas'd; and love (concern'd the most)
 Prepar'd th' amends for what by love he lost.

'The fire of Pasimond had left a son,
 Thoug younger, yet for courage early known;
 Ormisda call'd; to whom, by promise ty'd,
 A Rhodian beauty was the destin'd bride:
 Cassandra was her name; above the rest
 Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply bless'd,
 Lysimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian state,
 Was then by choice their annual magistrate;
 He lov'd Cassandra too with equal fire,
 But Fortune had not favour'd his desire;
 Cross'd by her friends, by her not disapprov'd,
 Nor yet prefer'd, or like Ormisda lov'd.
 So stood th' affair: Some little hope remain'd
 That, should his rival chance to lose, he gain'd.

Mean time young Pasimond his marriage press'd
 Ordain'd the nuptial-day, prepar'd the feast;
 And frugally resolv'd (the charge to shun
 Which would be double should he wed alone)
 To join his brother's bridal with his own.

Lisimachus, oppress'd with mortal grief,
 Receiv'd the news, and study'd quick relief.
 The fatal day approach'd: If force were us'd,
 The magistrate his public trust abus'd;
 To justice liable, as law requir'd;
 For when his office ceas'd, his pow'r expir'd:
 While pow'r remain'd the means were in his hand,
 By force to seize, and then forsake the land,
 Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move;
 A slave to Fame, but more a slave to Love:
 Restraining others, yet himself not free;
 Made impotent by pow'r, debas'd by dignity!
 Both sides he weigh'd; but, after much debate,
 The man prevail'd above the magistrate.

Love never fails to master what he finds;
 But works a diff'rent way in diff'rent minds;
 The fool enlightens; and the wise he blinds.
 This youth, proposing to possess and'scape,
 Began in murder, to conclude in rape.
 Unprais'd by me, though Heav'n sometimes may bless
 An impious act with undeserv'd success:

The great, it seems, are privileg'd alone
To punish all injustice but their own.
But here I stop, not daring to proceed;
Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed;
For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.

Resolv'd on force, his with the praetor bent,
To find the means that might secure th' event:
Not long he labour'd, for his lucky thought
In captive Cymon found the friend he fought;
'Th' example pleas'd. The cause and crime the same;
An injur'd lover, and a ravish'd dame.
How much he durst he knew by what he dear'd;
'The loss he had to lose, the less he car'd
To menage loathsome life, when love was the reward.

This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
I depth of night he for the pris'ner sent;
In secret sent, the public view to shun,
Then with a sober smile he thus begun:
'The pow'rs above, who bounteously bestow
Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give
To such as are not worthy to receive.
For valour and for virtue they provide
'Their due reward, but first they must be try'd:
'These fruitless seeds within your mind they sow'd;
'Twas yours t' improve the talent they bestow'd;

They gave you to be born of noble kind;
 They gave you love, to lighten up your mind,
 And purge the grosser parts, they gave you care
 To please, and courage to deserve the fair.

Thus far they try'd you, and by proof they
 found

The grain intrusted in a grateful ground:
 But still the great experiment remain'd;
 They suffer'd you to lose the prize you gain'd;
 That you might learn the gift was theirs alone,
 And, when restor'd, to them the blessing own.
 Restor'd it soon will be; the means prepar'd,
 The difficulty smooth'd, the danger shar'd;
 Be but yourself; the care to me resign;
 Then Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine,
 Your rival Pasimond pursues your life,
 Impatient to revenge his ravish'd wife;
 But yet not his; to-morrow is behind,
 And love our fortunes in one band has join'd:
 Two brothers are our foes; Ormisda mine,
 As much declar'd as Pasimond is thine.
 To --morrow must their common vows be ty'd
 With love to friend and fortune for our guide;
 Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a bride

Right I have none, nor hast thou much to plead;
 'Tis force, when done, must justify the deed.

Our task perform'd, we next prepare for flight;
 And let the losers talk in vain of right:
 We with the fair will sail before the wind;
 If they are griev'd I leave the laws behind.
 Speak thy resolves; if now thy courage droop,
 Despair in prison, and abandon hope:
 But if thou dar'st in arms thy love regain,
 (For liberty without thy love were vain;) way.
 Then second my design to seize the prey;
 Or lead to second rape, for well thou know'st the

Said Cymon overjoy'd: Do thou propose
 The means to fight, and only show the foes;
 For from the first, when love had fir'd my mind,
 Resolv'd, I left the care of life behind.

To this the bold Lyfimachus reply'd,
 Let Heav'n be neuter, and the sword decide;
 The sponsals are prepar'd, already play
 The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day.
 By this the brides are wak'd their grooms are dress'd;
 All Rhodes is summon'd to the nuptial feast,
 All but myself, the sole unbidden guest.
 Unbidden though I am' I will be there,
 And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.

Now hear the rest: When day resigns the light,
 And chearful torches gild the jolly night,

Be ready at my call ; my chosen few ,
 With arms administer'd , shall aid thy crew .
 Then entring unexpected will we seize
 Our destin'd prey , from men dissolv'd in ease ;
 By wine disabled , unprepar'd for fight ;
 And hast'ning to the seas suborn our flight :
 The seas are ours , for I command the fort ,
 A ship well mann'd expects us in the port :
 If they , or if their friends the prize contest ,
 Death shall attend the man who dares resist ,
 It pleas'd ; The pris'ner to his hold retir'd ;
 His troop with equal emulation fir'd ;
 All fix'd to fight , and all their wonted work requir'd

The sun arose ; the streets were throng'd around ,
 'The palace open'd , and the posts were crow'nd ;
 'The double bridegroom at the door attends
 Th' expected spouse , and entertains the friends :
 They meet , they lead to church , the priests invoke
 The pow'rs , and feed the flames with fragrant smoke :
 This done they feast , and at the close of night
 By kindled torches vary their delight ,
 These lead the lively dance , and those the brimming
 bowls invite

Now at th' appointed place and hour assign'd ,
 With souls resolv'd the ravishers were join'd .
 Three bands are form'd , the first is sent before

To favour the retreat, and guard the shore.
'The second at the palace-gate is plac'd
And up the lofty stairs ascend the last.
A peaceful troop they seem with shining vests;
But coats of mail beneath secure their breasts.

Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their head
And find the feast renew'd the table spread:
Sweet voices, mix'd with instrumental sounds,
Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds,
When like the harpies rushing through the hall,
The sudden troop appears, the tables fall;
Their smoaking load is on the pavement thrown;
Each ravisher prepares to seize his own:
The brides, invaded with a rude embrace,
Shriek out for aid; confusion fills the place:
Quick to redeem the prey their plighted lords
Advance, the palace gleams with shining swords.

But late is all defence, and succour vain;
The rape is made; the ravishers remain:
Two sturdy slaves were only sent before
To bear the purchas'd prize in safety to the shore
The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,
With forward faces not confessing fear;
Backward they move, but scorn their pace to mend,
'Then seek the stairs, and with slow haste descend.

Fierce Pasimond their passage to prevent,
 Thrust full on Cymon's back in his descent,
 The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the handle bent:
 Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two
 His rival's head with one descending blow:
 And as the next in rank Otmisda stood,
 He turn'd the point: The sword inur'd to blood,
 Bor'd his unguarded breast, which pour'd a purple
 flood.

With vow'd revenge the gath'ring crowd pursues,
 The ravishers turn head, the fight renews;
 The hall is heap'd with corps; the sprinkled gore
 Besmears the walls, and floats the marble floor.
 Dispers'd at lenght the drunken squadron flies;
 The victors to their vessel bear the prize;
 And hear behind loud groans, and lamentable cries

The crew with merry shouts their anchors
 weigh,
 Then ply their oars, and brush the buxome sea
 While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the Key.
 What should the people do, when left alone?
 The governor, and government are gone.
 The publick wealth to foreign parts convey'd;
 Some troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.
 Rhodes is the sovereign of the sea no more;
 Their ships unrigg'd, and spent their naval store;

They neither could defend, nor can pursue;
But grind their teeth, and cast a helpless view.
In vain with darts a distant war they try;
Short, and more short the missile weapons fly,
Mean while the reavishers their crimes enjoy,
And flying sails, and sweeping oars employ;
The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost
Jove's isle they seek: nor Jove denies his coast.

In safety landed on the Candian shore,
With generous wines their spirits they restore;
There Cymon with his Rhodian friend resides;
Both court and wed at once the willing brides.
A war ensues, the Cretans own their cause,
Stiff to defend their hospitable laws:
Both parties lose by turns, and neither wins,
Still peace propounded by a truce begins.
The kindred of the slain forgive the deed,
But a short exile must for show precede;
The term expir'd, from Candia they remove;
And happy each at home, enjoys his love.

I. Dryden.

Ode on the Death of a favourite Cat
Drowned in a Tub of Gold fishes.

'T was on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.
Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the Snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw, and purr'd applause.
Still had she gaz'd; but midst the tide
'Two beauteous forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream;
Their scaly armours Tyrian hue,
Thro' richest purple, to the view,
Betray'd a golden gleam,
The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.

What female heart can gold despise?

What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent,

Again she stretch'd, again she bent,

Nor knew the gulf between:

(Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)

The slippery verge her feet beguil'd;

She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,

She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry God,

Some speedy aid to send.

No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,

Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.

A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,

Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,

And be with caution bold.

Not all, that tempts your wand'ring eyes

And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;

Nor all, that glitters, gold.

Gray.

L a d y. H y d e. *)

When fam'd *Apelles* sought to frame

Some image of th' Italian Dame,

To furnish Graces for the piece
 He summon'd all the Nymphs of Greece;
 So many mortals were combin'd,
 To shew how one Immortal shin'd.

Had *Hyde* thus sat by Proxy too,
 As *Venus* then was said to do,
Venus herself, and all the train
 Of Goddesses had summon'd been;
 The painter must have search'd the skies
 To match the lustre of her eyes.

Comparing then, which thus we view
 The ancient *Venus*, and the new;
 In her we many mortals see,
 So many Goddesses in Thee.

G. Granville Lord Lansdowne.

*) *Afterwards Countess of Clarendon and Rochester.*

On his Blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent,
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide;

Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd
 I fondly ask: But patience to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: His
 state
 Is kingly, thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

Milton.

The Seven Wonders of England.

I.

Near *Wilton* sweet, huge heaps of stones are
 found, *)

But so confus'd, that neither any eye
 Can count them just, nor reason reason try.
 What force brought them to so unlikely ground.
 To stranger weights my mind's waste soil is bound
 Of passion-hills, reaching to reason's sky,
 From fancy's earth, passing all numbers bound,
 Passing all guess, whence into me should fly,
 So maz'd a mass; or, if in me it grows,
 A simple soul should breed so mixed woes.

*) *Stone-henge on Salisbury — Plain.*

II.

The Bruertons have a lake, which, when the
sun

Approaching warms (not else) dead logs up sends
From hideous depth; which tribute, when it ends,

Sore sign it is, the lord's last thread is spun.

My lake is sense, whose still streams never run
But when my sun her shining twins there bends;

Then from his depth with force in her begun,
Long drowned hopes to watry eyes it lends;

But when that fails my dead hopes up to take,

Their master is fair wann'd his Will to make.

III.

We hade a fish, by strangers much admir'd,
Which caught, to cruel search yields his chief part:
(With gall cut up) clos'd up again by art,

Yet lives until his life be new requir'd,
A stranger fish, myself, not yet expir'd,
Tho' wrap'd with beauty's hook, I did impart

My-self unto th' anatomy desir'd,
Instead of gall, leaving to her my heart:

Yet live with thoughts clos'd up, 'till that
the will,

By conquest's, instead of searching, Kill.

IV.

Peak hath a cave, whose narrow entries find
 Large rooms within, where drops distil amain :
 'Till knit with cold, tho' there unknown remain,
 Deck that poor place with alabaster lin'd,
 Mine eyes the streight, the roomy cave, my
 mind;

Whose cloudy thoughts let fall an inward vain
 Of sorrows drops, 'till colder reason bind

Their running fall into a constant vein
 Of truth, far more than alabaster pure,
 Which, tho' despis'd, yet still doth truth endure.

V.

A field their is, where, if a stake be prest
 Deep in the earth, what hath in earth receipt
 Is chang'd to stone in hardness, cold and weight,
 The wood above doth soon consuming rest.
 The earth her ears; the stake is my request;
 Of which, how much may pierce to that sweet seat,
 To honour turn'd, doth dwell in honour's nest,
 Keeping that form, tho' vain of wonted heat;
 But all the rest, which fear durst not apply
 Failing themselves, with wither'd conscience die

VI.

Of ships, by shipwreck cast on *Albion* coast,
 Which rolling on the rocks, their death do die:

From wooden bones, and blood of pitch, doth fly
 A bird, which gets more life, than ship had
 lost.

My ship, desire, with wind of lust long tost,
 Brake on fair cliffs of constant chastity:
 Where plagu'd for rash attempt, gives up his ghost,
 So deep in seas of virtue, beauties lie;
 But of this death flies up the purest love,
 Which seeming less, yet nobler life doth move.

VII.

These Wonders *England* breeds; the last remains
 A lady, in despite of nature, chaste,
 On whom all love, in whom no love is plac'd
 Where fairness yields to wisdom's shortest reins.
 An humble pride, a scorn that favour stains;
 A woman's mould, but like an angel grac'd;
 An angel's mind, but in a woman cas'd;
 A heav'n on earth, or earth that heav'n contains:
 Now thus this wonder to myself I frame
 She is the cause that all the rest I am.

Sidney. *)

*) *The Works of the Honourable Sr. Philip Sidney, Kt. in Prose and Verse. in three Volumes. the fourteenth Edition. London 1725. 8vo.*

T o h i s M i s t r e s s.
against marriage.

Yes, all the world must sure agree,
He who's secur'd of having thee,
Will be intirely blest;
But 'twere in me too great a wrong,
To make one who has been so long
My queen, my slave at last.

Nor ought those things to be confin'd,
That were for publick good design'd;
Cou'd we in foolish pride,
Make the fun always with us stay,
'Twou'd burn our corn and grass away,
To starve the world beside.

Let not the thoughts of parting, fright
Two souls which passion does unite;
For while our love does last,
Neither will strive to go away;
And why the devil shou'd we stay,
When once that love is past?

W. Walsh Esq.

The Play - thing chang'd.

Kitty's charming voice and face,

Syren-like, first caught my fancy;

Wit and humour next take place,

And now I doat on sprightly Nancy.

Kitty tunes her pipe in vain,

With airs most languishing and dying;

Calls me false ungrateful swain,

And tries in vain to shoot me flying.

Nancy with resistless art,

Always humorous, gay, and witty,

Hath talk'd herself into my heart,

And quite excluded tuneful Kitty.

Ah Kitty! Love, a wanton boy,

Now pleas'd with song, and now with prattle,

Still longing for the newest toy,

Hath chang'd his whistle for a rattle.

O n M u s i c k.

I.

Hence, dullbrow'd Melancholy! creep away
To weeping caverns, exil'd from the day.

Thy temples bathe with nightly dew,

That drops from yonder baneful yew;

Or go where endless Horror dwells,
 To Bedlam walls, to Newgate cells,
 Else while thy front distills a sweating show'r,
 Go watch the murder'd corpse at midnight's frightful
 hour.

II.

But come, thou parent of poetic song,
 Pride of my verse, sweet *Musick*, haste along.
 Descend from thine ethereal bow'rs,
 And with thee bring the sportive hours.
 She comes — the clouds her voice obey,
 And brighten into purer day
 A harp adorns her hand; and on her face
 Sits laughing Mirth with Harmony's attractive grace.

III.

No more the swelling North is heard to rave,
 Yon foaming flood has calm'd its angry wave.
 Hush'd in the jay's discordant note,
 Silent the raven's croaking throat.
 Throughout the wood, throughout the plains,
 Stillness, an awful stillness, reigns.

Gay smile the blue-skirt skies. All nature round
 Seems pausing, and prepar'd to hear the magic sound.

IV.

And hark! how gentle she salutes the ear?
 The touch how soft! the melody how clear!

To Love she lightly sweeps the strings,
 Smooth, fly the notes on filken wings.
 These are the strains that sooth my care,
 Alarm, and terrify Despair.

The low'ring daemon startles at the sound,
 Stalks off in fullen mood, and treads unhallow'd
 ground.

V.

Now, now the note she swells and sings of arms,
 Heav'ns? how the noble air my spirit warms!

I feel, I feel my courage glow,
 And rush in thought to meet the foe.
 Methinks, I see the martial plain
 Enfanguin'd o'er with heaps of slain;
 Heroes and steeds in wild confusion roll,
 And terror seize on all, but Fred'rick's daring soul.

VI.

See! while the Goddess plays, around her throng
 The joy-struck quadrupeds to hear the song.

Delighted neighs the conscious steed,
 The hungry forgets to feed,
 Yon stag is tame. The dappled fawns
 Exult, and bound along the lawns.

Enamour'd Echo in the distant vale,
 Answer's her sister's voice in ev'ry soften'd gale.

VII.

No more the fierce - ey'd tiger threatens harm,
But lays him down, and listens to the charm:

Nor less the lion bates his rage;

(Such pow'r has Musick to assuage)

The rav'nous wolves let loose their prey,

Her impulse furious pards obey.

The crawling adder too, at her command,

Puts forth his harmless tongue to lick her tuneful hand.

VIII.

— But ah! she stops her soul enchanting strain,

And soars to her celestial throne again.

Adieu, ye flatt'ring sounds! adieu!

The change is felt all nature through.

Surcharg'd with rain the clouds appear

To stain the products of the year;

And now they burst — Loud thunder tears the sky,

And nought, but gloom oppressive strikes the weeping eye.

*William Woty *)*

*) *The Shrubs of Parnassus by I. Copywell of Lincoln's - Inn, Esq. London, 1760. — 8vo.*

T h e G n a t.

While in the mall, my *Celia* shone,
 And drew th' adoring World to gaze,
 A wanton *Gnat* came buzzing on,
 To gambol in her Blaze.
 Enliven'd by her lucid Beams,
 And urging Bliss too nigh;
 'Th' attractive Beauty's powerful Streams,
 O'erwhelm'd him in her Eye.
 The glowing Orb swift catching Fire,
 Now Heat was mix'd with Light;
 The Wings, that durst so high aspire,
 She rubb'd to Dust in Spite.
 Mean while, the clouded Sight shone dim,
 Her Sun thro' Mists appears;
 Moist Anguish rose above the Brim,
 And flow'd away in Tears.
 O *Gnat*! too Happy! thus to die!
 My *Celia* weeps thy Fate!
 She kills me, every Day, yet I
 No pity can create.
 Mysterious Sex! by Custom led,
 Mere Trifles most to prize!

O Truth, to turn a Lover's Head!

They Murder Men and weep for Flies

Aaron Hill.

Turkish Verses

addressed to the Sultana eldest daughter of

Sultan Achmet III. translated by M—y

W—y Montague.

Stanza I.

- „ Now Philomel renews her tender strain,
 „ Indulging all the night her pleasing pain,
 „ I sought the groves to hear the wanton sing,
 „ There saw a face more beauteous than the spring,
 „ Your large stag-eyes where thousand glories play,
 „ As bright, as lively, but as wild as they.

Stanza II.

- „ In vain I'm promis'd such a heavenly prize.
 „ Ah! cruel Sultan! who delay'st my joys!
 „ While piercing charms transfix my amorous heart,
 „ I dare not snatch one kiss, to ease the smart.
 „ Those eyes like &c,

Stanza III.

- „ Your wretched lover in these lines complains;
 „ From those dear beauties rise his killing pains.
 „ When will the hour of wish'd-for bliss arrive?

„ Must I wait longer ? — Can I wait and live ?

„ Ah ! bright Sultana ! maid divinely fair !

„ Can you , unpitying see the pains I bear ?

Stanza IV.

„ The Heavens relenting hear my piercing cries ,

„ I loath the light , and sleep forsakes my eyes ,

„ Turn thee , Sultana , ere thy lover dies ;

„ Sinking to earth , I sigh the last adieu ,

„ Call me , my Goddess , and my life renew.

„ My Queen ! my angel ! my fond heart's desire !

„ I rave — my bosom burns with heavenly fire !

„ Pity that passion which thy charms inspire. „

M. W. Montague.

E l e g y.

To Miss D — w — d.

In the manner of Ovid.

O Say thou dear possessor of my breast ,
Where now's my boasted liberty and rest ?
Where the gay moments which I once have known ,
Oh ! where that heart I fondly thought my own ?
From place to place I solitary roam ,
Abroad uneasy , nor content at home.
I scorn the beauties common eyes adore
The more I view them , feel thy worth the more ;

Unmov'd I hear them speak, or see them fair,
And only think on thee — who art not there.
In vain would books their formal succour lend;
Nor wit, nor wisdom can relieve their friend;
Wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,
And wisdom shows the ill without the cure.
When from thy sight I waste the tedious day,
A thousand schemes I form, and things to say;
But when thy presence gives the time I seek,
My heart's so full, I wish, but cannot speak.

And could I speak with eloquence and ease,
'Till now not studious of the art to please,
Could I, at woman who so oft exclaim
Expose (nor blush) the triumph and my shame,
Abjure those maxims I so lately priz'd,
And court that sex I foolishly despis'd,
Own thou hast soften'd my obdurate mind,
And thou reveng'd the wrongs of womankind:
Lost were my words, and fruitless all my pain,
In vain to tell thee all I write in vain;
My humble sighs shall only reach thy ears,
And all my eloquence shall be my tears.

And now (for more I never must pretend),
Hear me not as thy lover, but thy friend;
'Thousands will fain thy little heart ensnare,
For without danger none like thee are fair;

But wisely choose who best deserves thy flame,
 So shall the choice itself become thy fame;
 Nor yet despise, tho' void of winning art,
 The plain and honest courtship of the heart;
 'The skilful tongue in love's persuasive lore,
 'Tho' less it feels, will please and flatter more,
 And meanly learned in that guilty trade
 Can long abuse a fond, unthinking maid.
 And since their lips, so knowing do deceive,
 Thy unexperienc'd youth might soon believe;
 And since their tears, in false submission drest,
 Might thaw the icy coldness of thy breast;
 Oh shut thine eyes to such deceitful woe;
 Caught by the beauty of thy outward show,
 Like me they do not love, what e'er they seem,
 Like me — with passion founded on esteem.

Hammond,

A n s w e r

To the Foregoing Lines.

Too well these lines that fatal truth declare,
 Which long I've known, yet now I blush to hear.
 But say, what hopes thy fond ill-fated love,
 What can it hope, tho' mutual it should prove?
 This little form is fair in vain for you,

Retzer's Choice. Vol. II,

I

In vain for me thy honest heart is true :
For would'st thou fix dishonour on my name ,
And give me up to penitence and shame ;
Or gild my ruin with the name of wife ,
And make me a poor virtuous wretch for life :
Could'st thou submit to wear the marriage chain ,
(Too sure a cure for all thy present pain)
No saffron robe for us the Godhead wears ,
His torch inverted , and his face in tears .
Though ev'ry softer wish were amply crown'd ,
Love soon would cease to smile where fortune frown'd ;
Then would thy soul my fond consent deplore ,
And blame what it solicited before ;
Thy own exhausted , would reproach my truth ,
And say I had undone thy blinded youth ;
That I had damp'd ambition's nobler flame ,
Eclips'd thy talents , and obscur'd thy fame ;
To madrigals and odes that wit confin'd ,
That would in senates or in courts have shin'd ,
Gloriously active in thy country's cause ,
Asserting freedom , and enacting laws .

Or say , at best , that , negatively kind ,
You only mourn'd , and silently repin'd ,
The jealous daemons in my own fond breast
Would all these thoughts incessantly suggest ,
And all that sense must feel , tho' pity had suppress.

Yet added grief my apprehension fills,
 (If there can be addition to those ills)
 When they shall cry, whose harsh reproof I dread,
 „ 'Twas thy own deed, thy folly on thy head! “
 Age knows not to allow for thoughtless youth,
 Nor pities tenderness, nor honours truth;
 Holds it romantic to confess a heart,
 And say those virgins act a wiser part,
 Who hospitals and bedlams would explore,
 To find the rich, and only dread the poor;
 Who, legal prostitutes for int'rest sake,
 Clodios and Timons to their bosoms take,
 And, if avenging heav'n permit increase,
 People the world with folly and disease.
 Those, titles, deeds, and rent--rolls only wed,
 Whilst the best bidder mounts the venal bed;
 And the grave aunt and formal fire approve
 This nuptial sale, this onction of their love.
 But if regard to worth or sense be shown,
 That poor degen'rate child her friends disown,
 Who dares to deviate by a virtuous choice
 From her great name's hereditary vice.

These scenes my prudence ushers to my mind,
 Of all the storms and quicksands I must find,
 If I embark upon this summer sea,
 Where flatt'ry smooths, and pleasure gilds the way.

Had our ill fate ne'er blown thy dang'rous flame
 Beyond the limits of a friend's cold name,
 I might upon that score thy heart receive,
 And with that guiltless name my own deceive;
 That commerce now in vain you recommend,
 I dread the latent lover in the friend;
 Of ignorance I want the poor excuse,
 And know, I both must take, or both refuse.

Hear then the safe, the firm resolve I make,
 Ne'er to encourage one I must forsake.
 Whilst other maids a shameless path pursue,
 Neither to int'rest nor to honour true,
 And proud to swell the triumph of their eyes,
 Exult in love from lovers they despise;
 Their maxims all revers'd I mean to prove,
 And tho' I like the lover, quit the love.

Hervey.

Stella and Flavia.

Stella and Flavia ev'ry hour

Unnumber'd hearts surprize:

In Stella's soul lies all her pow'r,

And Flavia's in her eyes.

More boundless Flavia's conquests are,

And Stella's more confin'd:

All can discern a face that's fair,
 But few a lovely mind.
 Stella, like Britain's monarchs, reigns
 O'er cultivated lands;
 Like eastern tyrants Flavia deigns
 To rule o'er barren sands.
 Then boast, fair Flavia, boast your face,
 Your beauty's only store:
 Your charms will ev'ry day decrease,
 Each day gives Stella more.

Mrs. Barber. *)

*) She was the wife of a tradesman in Dublin,
 and gained by several little pieces the friendship
 of Dr. Swift, the Earl of Orrery, Mr. Tickel,
 Mr Pope, who prevailed with her to publish by
 subscription a complete Collection of her works,
 S. Poems by eminent ladies (Lond. 8. 1755. 11.
 volls.) vol. 1. p. 36. This piece is ascribed to
 I. Earl in Dodsley's Collection. V. 110.

Lady Bothwell's Lament,
A Scottish Song.

Balow, *) my babe, ly stil and sleipe!

It greives me fair to see thee weipe:

If thoust be silent, lfe be glad,

Thy maining makes my heart ful fad.

Balow, my boy, thy mithers joy,

Thy father breides me great annoy.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,

It greives me fair to see thee weipe.

When he began to court my luve,

And with his sugred wordes to meuve,

His faynings fals, and flattering cheire

To me that time did nat appeire:

But now I see, most cruel hee

Cares neither for my babe, nor mee.

Balow, &c.

Ly stil, my darling, sleipe a while,

And whan thou wakest, sweetly smile;

But smile nat, as thy father did,

To cozen maids; nay God forbid!

Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire

Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.

Balow, &c.

*) *A nursery - term; hush! lullaby!*

I cannae chuse, but ever wil
 Be luving to thy father stil;
 Whair - eir he gaes, whair - eir he ryde,
 My love with him maun stil abyde:
 In weil or wae, whair - eir he gae,
 Mine hart can neire depart him frae.

Balow, &c.

Bot doe nat, doe nat, prettie mine,
 To faynings fals thy hart incline;
 Be loyal to thy luvver trew,
 And nevir change hir for a new;
 If gude or faire, of hir hae care,
 For womens banning's wonderous fair.

Balow, &c.

Bairne, fin thy cruel father is gane,
 Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;
 My babe and I'll together live,
 He'll comfort me whan cares doe greive:
 My babe and I right fast will ly,
 And quite forgeit man's cruelty.

Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
 That evir kist a woman's mouth!
 I wish all maides be warnd by mee
 Nevir to trust mans curtesy;

For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'le use us than they care nae how.

Balow, my babe, ly stil, and sleipe,
It greives me fair to see thee weipe *)

*) Rel. of anc. engl. Poetry. II. 194. *The copy given by Allan Ramfay in his 'Tea-table miscellany' p. 120. contains many modern additions.*

The Nature of Dreams.

At dead of night imperial reason sleeps,
And fancy with her train loose revels keeps,
Then airy phan toms a mixt scene display,
Of what we heard, or saw, or wish'd by day;
For memory those images retains,
Which passion form'd, and still the strongest reigns.
Huntsmen renew the chace they lately run,
And gen'als fight again their battels won.
Spectres, and furies haunt the murd'ers dreams,
Grants, or disgraces are the courtier's themes.
The miser spys a thief, or a new hoard,
The cit's a knight, the sycophant a Lord.
'Thus fancy's in the wild distraction lost,
With what we most abhor, or covet most.
But of all passions, that our dreams controul,

Love prints the deepest image in the soul;
 For vigorous fancy, and warm blood dispense
 Pleasures so lively that they rival sense.
 Such are the transports of a willing maid,
 Not yet by time, and place to act betrayd,
 Whom spies, or some faint virtue force to fly
 That scene of joy, which yet she dyes to try.
 Till fancy bawds, and by mysterious charms
 Brings the dear object to her longing arms;
 Unguarded then she melts, acts fierce delight,
 And curses the returns of envious light.
 In such blest dreams Biblys enjoys a flame,
 Which waking she detests, and dares not name.
 Ixion gives a loose to his wild love,
 And in his airy visions cuckold Jove.
 Honours and state before this phantom fall;
 For sleep, like death, its image, equals all.

G. Stepney, Esq,

S o n g.

Go, lovely rose!
 Tell her, that wastes her time, and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
 That, had'st thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retir'd:
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself, to be desir'd,
 And not blush so, to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee:
 How small a part of time they share,
 That are so wond'rous sweet and fair!

Waller.

To the Five Members of the Honourable House of Commons.

The Humble Petition of the Poets.

After so many concurring petitions
 From all ages and sexes, and all conditions,
 We come in the rear to present our follies

To Pym, Stroude, Haslerig, H. and H.
Though set form of prayer be an abomination,
Set forms of petitions find great approbation;
Therefore, as others from the bottom of their souls,
So we from the dept and bottom of our bowls,
According unto the blest'd form you have taught us,
We thank you first for the ills you have brought us:
For the good we receive we thank him that gave it,
And you for the confidence only to crave it.
Next, in course, we complain of the great violation
Of privilege (like the rest of our nation)
But 'tis none of yours of which we have spoken,
Which never had being until they were broken;
But ours is a privilege antient and native,
Hangs not on an ordinance or power legislative.
And first, tis to speake whatever we please,
Without fear of a prison or poursuivants fees.
Next, that we only may lye by authority;
But in that also you have got the priority.
Next, an old custom, our fathers did name it
Poetical licence, and always did claim it.
By this we have power to change age into youth,
Turn nonsense to sence, and falsehood to truth;
In brief, to make good whatsoever is faulty;
This art some poet, or the devil has taught ye:
And this our property you have invaded,

And a privilege of both houses have made it.
But that trust above all in poets reposed,
'That kings by them only are made and deposed,
This, though you cannot do, yet you are willing:
But when we undertake deposing or killing,
'They're tyrants and monsters; and yet then the poet
'Takes full revenge on the villains that do it;
And when we resume a scepter or crown,
We are modest, and seek not to make it our own.
But is't not presumption to write verses to you,
Who make better poems by far of the two?
For all those pretty knacks you compose,
Alas! what are they but poems in prose?
And between those and ours there's no difference,
But that yours want the rhyme, the wit, and the sense:
But for lying (the most noble part of a poet)
You have it abundantly, and yourselves know it;
And though you are modest and seem to abhor it,
'T has done you good service, and thank hell for it:
Although the old maxim remains still in force,
'That a sanctify'd cause must have a sanctify'd course,
If poverty be a part of our trade,
So far the whole kingdom poets you have made,
Nay even so far as undoing will do it,
You have made king Charles himself a poet:

But provoke not his Muse, for all the world knows,
Already you have had to much of his prose.

J. Denham.

T h e C h o i c e.

If Heav'n the grateful liberty wou'd give,
That I might chuse my method how to live,
And all those hours propitious Fate shou'd lend,
In blisful ease and satisfaction spend,
Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor to great:
Better, if on a rising ground it stood,
Fields on this side, on that a neighb'ring wood:
It shou'd within no other things contain,
But waht were useful, necessary, plain.
Me thinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden, grateful to the eye,
And a cool rivulet run murm' ring by,
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes, or sycamores shou'd grow,
At th' end of which a silent study plac'd,
Shou'd be with all the noblest authors grac'd.
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit, and solid learnig shines,

Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew.
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel,
His thoughts so tender and express'd so well,
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteem'd for learning and for eloquence.
In some of these, as Fancy shou'd advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise;
For sure no minutes bring us more content,
Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.
I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteelly but not great,
As much as I cou'd moderately spend,
A little more sometimes t' oblige a Friend:
Nor shou'd the Sons of Poverty repine
Too much at Fortune, they should taste of mine,
And all that objects of true pity were,
Shou'd be reliev'd with what my wants cou'd spare.
For that, our maker has too largely giv'n,
Shou'd be return'd, in gratitude, to heavn.
A frugal plenty shou'd my table spread
With healthy, not luxurious dishes fed,
Enough to fatisfy, and something more
To feed the stranger, and the neighb' ring poor.

Strong meat indulges vice, and pamp'ring food
 Creates diseases, and inflames the blood:
 But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
 And the bright lamp of life continue long,
 I'd freely take, and as I did possess,
 'The bounteous Author of my plenty blefs.
 I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd
 With the best wines each vintage cou'd afford.
 Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
 And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse,
 By making all our spirits debonair,
 Throws off the lees, the sediment of care.
 But as the greatest blessing, Heaven lends,
 May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends,
 So, but too oft, the grapes refreshing juice
 Does many mischievous effects produce,
 My house shou'd no such rude disorders know,
 As from high drinking consequently flow,
 Nor wou'd I use, what was so kindly giv'n,
 To the dishonour of indulgent heav'n.
 If any neighbour came, he should be free,
 Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be
 In my retreat, or to himself, or me.
 What freedom, prudence, and right reason give,
 All men may with impunity receive,
 But the least swerving from their rule's too much,

For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.
That life might be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, sincere and great.
I'd chuse two friends, whose company woud be
A great advance to my felicity,
Well born, of humours suited to my own,
Discreet and men, as well as books, have known.
Brave, gen' rous, witty, and exactly free
From loose behaviour, or formality.
Airy, and prudent, merry but not light,
Quick in discerning, and in judging right.
Secret they shou'd be, faithful to their trust,
In reas'ning cool strong, temperate and just,
Obliging, open, without huffing brave,
Brisk in gay talking, and in sober grave,
Close in dispute, but not tenacious, try'd
By solid reason, and let that decide,
Not prone to lust, revenge or envious hate,
Nor busy medlers with intrigues of state,
Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spight,
Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight,
Loyal and pious, friends to Cæsar true,
As dying martyrs to their maker too.
In their society I cou'd not miss
A permanent, sincere, substantial blifs.
Wou'd bounteous heav'n once more indulge, I'd chose

(For who wou'd so much satisfaction lose
 As witty nymphs, in conversation give?)
 Near some obliging, modest fair to live.
 For there's that sweetness in a female mind
 Which in a man's we can not hope to find
 'That by a secret, but a pow'ful art
 Winds up the springs of life, and does impart
 Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.
 I'd have her reason all her passions sway
 Easy in company, in private gay;
 Coy to a fop, to the deserving free,
 Still constant to her self, and just to me,
 A soul she shou'd have, for great actions fit,
 Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit,
 Courage to look bold danger in the face,
 No fear, but only to be proud, or base.
 Quick to advise, by an emergence prest,
 To give good counsel, or to take the best,
 I'd have th' expression, of her thoughts be such
 She might not seem reserv'd nor talk too much;
 That shews a want of judgment and of sense;
 More than enough is but impertinence.
 Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd.
 Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind,
 Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride
 In all the methods of deceit untry'd;

So faithful to her friend and good to all
No censure might upon her actions fall;
Then wou'd e'en envy be compell'd to say
She goes the least of womankind astray.
To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire
Her conversation wou'd new joys inspire
Give life an edge so keen, no surly care
Wou'd venture to assault my soul or dare
Near my retreat to hide one secret snare.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular,
What e'er assistance I had pow'r to bring,
T'oblige my country, or to serve my king.
When e'er they call'd, I'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counsel or my sword.
Law - suits I'd shun with as much studious care
As I wou'd dens where hungry lyons are:
And rather put up injuries, than be
A plague to him who'd be a plague to me.
I value quiet at a price to great,
To give for my revenge so dear a rate,
Far what do we, by all our bustle gain,
But counterfeit delight, for real pain?
If heav'n a date of many years wou'd give
Thus I'd in pleasure, ease and plenty live,
And as I near approach'd the verge of life

Some kind relation (for I had no wife)
 Shou'd take upon him all my wordly care
 While I did for a better state prepare.
 Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd
 Nor have the evning of my days perplex'd
 But by a silent, and a peaceful death
 Without a sigh, resign my aged breath
 And when committed to the dust, I'd have
 Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave;
 'Then wou'd my exit so propitious be,
 All men wou'd wish to live and dye like me.

Pomfret.

T h e D e f e r t e r.

By others blest with genius's rays
 Let noble acts be told,
 While I, content with humbler praise,
 A simple tale unfold!
 The Spaniard left the hostile plain,
 To seek his native land,
 Beneath the sails that swept the main,
 Cabayfa join'd the band!
 Who, as he met his country's foes,
 Within the field of fame,

Above his rank obscure arose

And graced his humble name :

Yet not the early wreath of fame

With haughtiness was twin'd :

Nor pride nor fickleness could claim

The empire of his mind :

The lowly hut, beneath whose roof

He sigh'd a sad adieu,

Receiv'd him (time and distance-proof)

To love and Laura true :

This hamlet-fair, by fortune scorn'd,

Seem'd nature's fav'rite child,

With hand profuse by her adorn'd

— The flowret of the wild!

Her neat but homely garments press'd

The pure, the feeling heart,

Oft sought invain behind the vest

Of decorated art :

„ If sharing all thy cares (she said)

„ Has paled my beauty's rose,

„ Ah know! for thee the heart that bled,

„ With all its passion glows :

„ Blest moment to my wish that gives

„ The long, long absent youth!

„ He lives - th' endear'd Cabeyfa lives,

„ And love confirms the truth.

„ When thy brave comrades fell around,
 „ What powr's benignant care
 „ Secur'd thee from the fatal wound?
 „ And Laura from despair?
 „ Oft in the troubling dream of night,
 „ I saw the rushing spear;
 „ Nor did the morn's awak'ning light,
 „ Dispel the ling'ring fear.“
 „ Thy tender fears (the youth replied)
 „ Ah give them to the air!
 „ To happiness we're now allied,
 „ And pleasure be our care!
 „ Let us pursue the joy begun,
 „ Nor lose by dull delay!
 „ Say, Laura, shall to-morrow's fun
 „ Illume our nuptial day?“
 With look declin'd she blush'd consent —
 Reserve that takes alarm,
 And love and joy their influence lent
 To raise meek beauty's charm.
 The guests, to hail the wedded pair,
 Beneath their roof repair'd;
 With them the little feast to share
 Their scanty purse prepar'd:
 Tho' no delicious wines were pour'd,
 Mirth took his destin'd place,

The hand-maid neatness spread the board,

And sage content said grace.

Scarce thro' one hasty week had love

His grateful blessings shed,

When bliss (as flies the frightened dove)

Their humble mansion fled :

'T was at Bellona's voice it flew,

That call'd to war's alarms :

Had the youth rise to valor true,

And break from Laura's arms :

But she still strained him to her heart,

To lengthen the adieu :

„ Ah what, (she said) should'st thou depart,

„ Shall I and sorrow do ?

„ Say, valiant youth, when thou'rt away

„ Who'll raise my drooping head ?

„ How shall I chase the fears that say

„ Thy lov'd Cabeyfa's dead ?

„ With thine my fate I now involve,

„ Intend thy course to steer ;

„ No words shall shake my firm resolve,

„ Not ev'n that trickling tear.“

„ Fram'd for each scene of soft delight,

(He said) „ thy gentle form,

„ As shrinks the lily at the blight ;

„ Will droop beneath the storm.“

„ Bleft in thy presence! ev'ry pain
 (She added) „ brings its charm,
 „ And love, tho' falls the beating rain,
 „ Will keep this bosom warm.“
 Ev'n as the wall-flow'r rears its head,
 'Mid ruins, wrecks and tombs,
 So 'mid the woes around that spread,
 True love unconquer'd blooms.
 Her zeal (the supplement of strength)
 Upheld her many a day,
 But nature's pow'rs subdued at length,
 On sickness's couch she lay:
 Three painful days unseen she lay
 Of him she held so dear:
 „ Ah does he thus my love repay?“
 She said - and dropt a tear;
 „ Cabeyfa, at a league's remove,
 „ Dwells on the tent - spread hill;
 „ Ah wherefore did he vow true love,
 „ And not that vow fulfill?“
 Yet not deficiency of truth
 Forbad to yield relief,
 Stern pow'r with-held the tender youth,
 And duty to his chief:
 Who wisely - counsel'd drew a line,
 To check the hand of stealth,

That ravag'd wide th' encircling vine,

The humble peasant's wealth.

To pass the line, it was ordain'd,

Whoever shou'd presume,

Should a deserter be arraign'd,

And meet the coward's doom ;

This law by equity approv'd,

And to the peasant dear,

Soon to the brave Cabeyfa prov'd

Destructively severe :

Now Laura's image haunts his soul,

In woe's dark tints array'd :

While to his breast compassion stole,

And all her claims display'd :

„ For me her native home , (he said)

„ For me each weeping friend,

„ For me a father's arms she fled —

„ And shall not love attend ?

„ Say , for a chosen lover's sake,

„ What more cou'd woman do ?

„ And now that health and peace forsake,

„ Shall I forsake her too ?

„ Now stretch'd upon the naked ground,

„ Oppress'd with pain and fear,

„ She casts a languid eye around,

„ Nor sees Cabeyfa near.

„ Now , now she weeps at my delay,

„ And shall neglect be mine?

„ Submit, ye fears, to pity's sway!“

He spoke - and cross'd the line,

Soon at his sight the fair resum'd

Each captivating grace :

On her pale cheek the rose rebloom'd

And smiles illum'd her face.

Yet to that cheek return'd invain

Bright health's vermilion dye,

For bitter tears that cheek shall stain,

And dim her brilliant eye :

The youth returning thro' the gloom,

At midnight's secret hour ,

Was seiz'd — and to dishonour's tomb

Doom'd by the martial pow'r,

To meet his fate at wake of day

(Lov's victim) he was led,

No weakness did his cheek betray,

While to the chief he said :

„ If in the battle death I've dar'd,

„ In all its horror drest,

„ Think not this scene , by thee prepar'd,

„ Sheds terror on my breast :

„ Yet then at Laura's hapless fate,

„ My fortitude impairs,

„ Unmann'd I sink beneath the weight,
„ Of her oppressive cares :
„ Ah ! when her grief - torn heart shall bleed,
„ Some little solace grant,
„ Oh guard her in the hour of need
„ From the rude hand of want !“
Now, kneeling on the fatal spot,
He twin'd the dark'ning band :
'The twelve, who drew the unwelcome lot,
Reluctant took their stand :
And now the murmur'ing throng grew dumb,
'T was silence all - save where,
At intervals, the mournful drum
Struck horror on the ear :
How, with their death - fraught tubes up - rear'd,
The destin'd twelve were seen —
And now the explosion dire was heard
That clos'd Cabeyfa's scene,
Another scene remain'd behind
For Laura to supply —
She comes ! mark how her tortur'd mind
Speaks thro' th' expressive eye !
„ Forbear ! will ye in blood (she said)
„ Your cruel hands imbrue ?
„ On me, on me your vengeance shed,
„ To me alone 't is due :

„ Relent — and to these arms again

„ The valiant youth restore !

„ I rave — already on the plain

„ He welters in his gore.“

Advancing now, she pierc'd the crowd,

And reach'd the fatal place,

Where, lifting from the corpse the shroud,

No semblance cou'd she trace.

„ Is this — oh blasting view ! (she cried)

„ The youth who lov'd too well !

„ His love for me the law defied,

„ And for that love he fell.

„ When will the grave this form receive ?

„ The grave to which he is fled ?

„ There, only there, I'll cease to grieve.“

She spoke — and join'd the dead.

Jerningham.

Elegy to a Lady,

who wished not to hear the toll of a bell on
the evening of the late princess do-
wager's funeral.

And why not hear the sound of yonder bell ?

Ah why from serious thought for ever fly ?

It tolls a sober, awful, solemn knell,
 A wish'd for knell to immortality.
 Think not a round of Folly's mad career
 Can always shield thee from reflexion's pow'r;
 The young, the fond, the rich, the gay must fear,
 Too long regardless of an awful hour.
 Think not that beauteous form, that now you wear,
 That glow of crimson, those inspiring eyes,
 Must linger ever here; they all declare,
 They speak aloud their kindred to the skies.
 Do not the hour, the day, the month, the year
 All in their course expire? — But all renew;
 All nature shews alas! a prospect drear;
 All nature shews there's happiness in view,
 Long tost in storms do mariners repine
 When the glad pilot distant land descries
 Ah see them eager trace the solid line,
 See their hopes kindle as the objects rise!
 And shall my fair, with brightest hopes in store,
 Not once look up beyond this barren clod?
 Shall she alone her destiny deplore,
 Her anchor heaven! and her pilot God?

J. Graddock.

Misc. and fug. pieces, Voll. III. 216.

The Fire - Side *)

The hearth was clean, the fire clear.

The kettle on for thea :

Ranger was in his elbow - chair ,

As blest'd, no man could be.

Clarinda, who his heart possess'd,

And was his new-made bride ,

With head elate upon his breast ,

Sat toying by his side.

Stretch'd at his feet in happy state

A fav'rite dog was laid ,

By whom a little sportive Cat

In wanton humor play'd.

Clarind'as hand he gently press'd,

She stole an amorous kiss ;

And blushing modesty confess'd

The fulness of her bliss.

Be this eternity, he cried,

And let no more be given

Continue thus my fire-side

I ask no more of heaven.

*) *S. the London Chronicle Nov. 1785.*

A S o n g.

Tell me , Aurelia , tell me pray,
How long must Damon sue ;
Prefix the time , and I'll obey ,
With Patience wait the happy Day
That makes me sure of you.

The sails of time my sighs shall blow,
And make the minute's glide ;
My tears shall make the current flow,
And swell the hastning tide.

The wings of love shall fly so fast,
My hopes mount so sublime ,
The wings of love shall make more fast
Than the swift wings of time.

Farquhar. *)

*) The works of the late ingenious Mr. George Farquhar , the second Edition. London, printed for Bernard Lintott 8vo.

Grongar hill.

Silent Nymph, with curious eye!
 Who, the purple ev'ning, lie
 On the mountain's lonely van,
 Beyond the noise of busy man,
 Painting fair the form of things,
 While the yellow linnet sings;
 Or the tuneful nightingale
 Charms the forest with her tale;
 Come with all thy various hues,
 Come, and aid thy sister Muse;
 Now while Phoebus riding high
 Gives lustre to the land and sky!
 Grongar Hill invites my song,
 Draw the landskip bright and strong;
 Grongar, in whose mossy cells
 Sweetly-musing quiet dwells;
 Grongar, in whose silent shade,
 For the modest Muses made,
 So oft I have, the evening still,
 At the fountain of a rill,
 Sate upon a flow'ry bed,
 With my hand beneath my head;
 While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
 Over mead, and over wood,

From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vilties shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale;
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise;
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads,
Still it widens, widens still
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landskip lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow!
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly tow'ring in the skies!

Rushing from the woods, the spires
 Seem from hence ascending fires!
 Half his beams Apollo sheds
 On the yellow mountain-heads!
 Gilds the fleeces of the flocks;
 And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
 Beautiful in various dyes:
 'The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
 'The yellow beech, the fable yew,
 'The slender fir, that taper grows,
 'The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs,
 And beyond the purple grove,
 Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
 Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
 Lies a long and level lawn,
 On which a dark Hill, steep and high,
 Holds and charms the wand'ring eye!
 Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
 His sides are cloathed with waving wood,
 And ancient towers crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below;
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps;
 So both a safety from the wind
 On mutual dependence find.

'T is now the raven's bleak abode ;
'T is now th' apartment of the toad ;
And there the fox securely feeds ;
And there he pois'nous adder breeds
Conceal'd in ruins , moss and weeds,
While ever and anon there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has seen , that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile compleat,
Big with the vanity of state ;
But tranſient is the ſmile of fate !
A little rule , a little ſway,
A ſun beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And ſee the rivers , how they run
Thro' woods and meads , in ſhade and fun,
Sometimes ſwift , ſometimes flow ,
Wave ſucceeding wave , they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless ſleep !
Thus is nature's veſture wrought,
To inſtruct our wand'ring thought ;
Thus ſhe drefſes green and gay ,
To diſperſe our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
 When will the landship tire the view?
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
 The woody vallies, warm and low;
 The windy summit, wild and high,
 Roughly rushing on the sky!
 The pleasant feat, the ruin'd tow'r
 The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
 The down and village, dome and farm,
 Each give each a double charm,
 As pearls upon an Aethiop's arm.

See the mountain's fouthern side,
 Where the prospect opens wide,
 Where the evening gilds the tide;
 How close and small the hedges lie!
 What streaks of meadows cros the eye!
 A step me thinks may pass the stream,
 So little distant dangers seem;
 So we mistake the future's face,
 Ey'd thro' hope's deluding glafs;
 As yon summits soft and fair
 Clad in colours of the air,
 Which to those who journey near,
 Barren, brown, and rough appear;
 Still we tread the same coarse way,
 The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see;
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'T is thus the busy bear the air;
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep:
While the birds unbounded fly
And with music fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts, be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor,
Invain you search, she is not there;
Invain ye search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads, and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure, close ally'd

Ever by each other's side :
 And often, by the murm'ring rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

Dyer.

The little Girl.

A Song.

I've heard, when down the maiden's cheek,
 The crystal tears are falling,
 And sobs prevent the tongue to speake,
 The heart is past recalling ;
 'That cupid then, at every moan,
 Will bolder grow, and bolder,
 Yet this I can but guess alone
 Till I'm a little older — no :
 Till I'm a little older.
 That then she'll languish, pine, and weep,
 Till she her pain discover,
 And not a single instant keep,
 At distance from a lover ;
 Nor ever feel a moment's ease,
 Till in his arms he fold her ;

But this I may do more than guess,

When I'm a little older — sure!

When I'm a little older.

To the Earl of Dorset.

A Winter-piece.

From frozen climes and endless tracts of snow,
 From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
 What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
 Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
 The hoary winter here conceals from sight
 All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
 The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
 The flow'ry plains, and silver-streaming floods,
 By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
 And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
 No birds within the desert region sing,
 The ships, unmov'd, the boist'rous winds defy,
 While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
 The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
 And spout his waters in the face of day.
 The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
 And to the moon in icy valleys howl.

O'er many a shining league the level main
 Here spreads itself into a glassy plain :
 There solid billows of enormous size,
 Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
 The winter in a lovely dress appear.
 Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
 Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow,
 At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
 And the descending rain unsully'd froze,
 Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
 The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
 The face of nature in a rich disguise,
 And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes :
 For ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry blade of grass,
 And ev'ry pointed thorn seem'd wrought in glass ;
 In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
 While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
 The thick-sprung reeds, which watry marshes yield,
 Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field.
 The stag in limpid currents, with surprise,
 Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise :
 The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,
 Glaz'd over, in the freezing Ether shine,
 The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
 Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.

When if a sudden gust of wind arise,
 The brittle forest into atoms flies,
 The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
 And in a spangled show'r the prospect ends;
 Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
 And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
 The traveller a miry country sees,
 And journies sad beneath the dropping trees:
 Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
 Through fragrant bow'rs, and thre' delicious meads,
 While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
 And airy fabricks there attract his eyes,
 His wand'ring feet the magick paths pursue,
 And while he thinks the fair illusion true,
 The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
 And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear,
 A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
 And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

Ambrose Philips.

The Sparrow and Diamond.

A S o n g.

I.

I lately saw, what now I sing,

Fair Lucia's hand display'd;

This finger grac'd a diamond ring,
On that a sparrow play'd.

II.

The feather'd play-thing she carefs'd,
She stroak'd its head and wings;
And while it nettled on her breast,
She lisp'd the dearest things.

III.

With chizzled bill a spark ill-set
He loosen'd from the rest,
And swallow'd down to grind his meat,
The easier to digest.

IV.

She seiz'd his bill with wild affright,
Her diamond to descry:
'Twas gone! She sicken'd at the sight,
Moaning her bird would die.

V.

The tongue-ty'd knocker none might use,
The curtains none undraw,
The footmen went without their shoes,
'The street was laid with straw.

VI.

The doctor us'd his oily art
Of strong emetic kind,

The apothecary play'd his part,
And engineer'd behind.

VII.

When phycic ceas'd to spend its store
To bring away the stone,
Dicky, like people given o'er,
Picks up, when let alone,

VIII.

His eyes dispell'd their sickly dews,
He peck'd behind his wing;
Lucia recovering at the news,
Relapses for the ring.

IX.

Mean - while within her beauteous breast
Two different passions strove;
When av'rice ended the contest,
And triumph'd over love.

X.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing
'Thy pains the sex display,
Who only to repair a ring,
Could take thy life away,

XI.

Drive av'rice from your breasts, ye fair,
Monster of souleſt mien;

Ye would not let it harbour there,
 Could but its form be seen.

XII.

It made a virgin put on guile,
 Truth's image break her word,
 A Lucia's face forbear to smile,
 A Venus kill her bird.

Matthew Green.

L' Allegro. *)

Hence loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn
 Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and fights
 unholly,
 Find out some uncouth cell;
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous
 wings,
 And the night - raven sings;
 There under ebon shades, and low - brow'd
 roks,
 As ragged as thy locks,

*) *L'Allegro is the chearful merry man.*

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell,
 But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
 In hea'vn ycleap'd 1) Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus in a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
 Or wether, as some f ges sing,
 The frolic wind, that breathes the spring,
 Zephyr with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a Maying, 2)
 There on bed of violets blue,
 And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe and debonair.
 Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple fleck,
 Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.

1) Ycleap'd, named, called. 2) Maying, flower gathering.

Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
'The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasure free
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
Form his watch-tow'r in the skies,
'Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
'Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morn,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Chearly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill
'Through the high wood echoing shrill,
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, or hillocks green,

Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight, 1)
 While the plow-man near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the landskip round it measures,
 Ruffled lawns and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling 2) flocks do stray;
 Mountains, on whose barren breast
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
 Tow'rs and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,

1) dight, dress'd, adorn'd. 2) nibble; to bite by
 little at a time.

From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Coridon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
 And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead,
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocond rebecs 1) found
 'To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holy-day,
 'Till the live-long day-light fail;
 'Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat, 2)
 How faery Mac the junkets 3) eat,
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd she said,
 And he by friers lanthorn led

1) Rebec is a three stringed, fiddle. 2) Feat, act,
 deed. 3) Junket, sweet-meat.

Tells how the drudging Goblin sweet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly fet,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flae has thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'ers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By wisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
Towred cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, of arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and fest, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eves by haunted stream.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Johnson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespear, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning.
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that ty
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus self may heave his head
From golden slumber, on a bed
Of heapt Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Il Penferoso. *)

Hence vain deluding joys,

The brood of folly without father bred,

How little you bested,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys ?

Dwell in some idle brain,

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,

As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the sun - beams,

Or likest hovering dreams

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus's train,

But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy,

Hail, divinest Melancholy,

Whose faintly visage is too bright

To hit the sense of human sight,

And therefore to our weaker view

O'erlaid with black staid wisdom's hue;

Black, but such as in esteem

Prince Memnon's 1) sister might bescem,

Or that starr'd Ethiop queen 2) that strove

*) *The thoughtful melancholy man.*

1) *Memnon, king of Ethiopia, son of Titonus by Aurora, repairing with a great host to the relief of Priam king of Troy, was there slain by Achilles.* 2) *Cassiope, wife of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia.*

To set her beauties praise above
 The Sea - Nymphs, and their powr's offended;
 Yet thou art higher far descended,
 Thee bright - hair'd Vesta long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain.)
 Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestick train,
 And sable stole of Cyprus lawn
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
 And join with the calm Peace, and Quiet,

Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar sing:
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure,
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery - wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd Oak;
Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
'The chauntress of the woods among
I woo to hear thy even - song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth - shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heav'n's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,

Stooping through a fleecy cloud,
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off Curfeu i) sound,
 Over some wide-water'd shore,
 Swinging slow with fullen roar ;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the belman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm :
 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato to unfold

*) William the Conqueror, in the first year of his reign, commanded that in every town and village a bell should be rung every night at eight of the clock, and that all persons should then put out their fire and candle, and go to bed; the ringing of which bell was called Curfeu, from the French Couvre-feu.

What worlds, or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that has forlook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
 And of the Demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet, or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine,
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled has the buskin'd stage.
 But, o sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musaeus from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes, as warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And make Hell grant what love did seek;
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold, 1)
 Of Camball, and of Algarfise,

1) *Chaucer in his Squire's tale.* Cambuscan, king
 of Sarra in Tartary, had two sons, Algarfise,
 and Camball, and a daughter, named Canace.

And who had Canace to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar King did ride;
 And if ought else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of turneys and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear,
 Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited morn appear,
 Not trickt and frounc't 1) as she was wont
 With the Attic boy 2) to hunt,
 But kerchest 3) in a comely cloud.
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gulf has blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the caves.
 And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaming beams, me Goddess bring

1) trickt, *used for dress*. Frounc't, *crisped, curled*. 2) Cephalus, *with whom Aurora fell in love as he was hunting*. 3) Kerchef, *a head-dress from the French couvre chef*.

To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heaved stroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood,
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloysters pale,

1) Garish, splendid, gaudy.

And love the high embowed roof,
 With antic pillars massy proof, 1)
 And storied windows richly dight, 2)
 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full voic'd quire below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into extasies,
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes,
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peacefull hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures Melancholy give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

Milton.

1) That is, proof against a great weight. 2) dight, decked, put on.

The Lover: A Ballad.

To Mr. C — .

I.

At length, by so much importunity press'd,
Take, C — , at once the inside of my breast.
This stupid indiff'rence so often you blame,
Is not owing to nature, to fear, or to shame.
I am not as cold as a virgin in lead,
Nor is Sunday's sermon so strong in my head:
I know but too well how time flies along,
That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young.

II.

But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy
Long years of repentance for moments of joy.
Oh ! was there a man (but where shall I find
Good - sense and good - nature so equally join'd ?)
Would value his pleasure, contribute to mine ;
Not meanly would boast, nor would lewdly design,
Not oversevere, yet not stupidly vain,
For I would have the power, though not give the
pain.

III.

No pedant, yet learned ; nor rake - helly gay,
Or laugh because he has nothing to say ;

To all my whole sex, obliging and free,
 Yet never be fond of any but me;
 In public preserve the decorum that's just,
 And show in his eyes he is true to his trust;
 Then rarely approach, and respectfully bow,
 But not fulsomely pert, nor foppishly low.

IV.

But when the long hours of public are past,
 And we meet with Champagne and a chicken at last,
 May every fond pleasure that moment endear;
 Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear!
 Forgetting or scorning the airs of the crowd,
 He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,
 Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
 And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive,

V.

And that my delight may be solidly fix'd,
 Let the friend and the lover be handsomely
 mix'd,
 In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,
 Whose kindness can sooth me, whose counsel can
 guide.

From such a dear lover, as here I describe,
 No danger should fright me, no millions should
 bribe;

But 'till this astonishing creature I know
As I long have liv'd chaste, I will keep myself so.

VI.

I never will share with the wanton coquet,
Or be caught by a vain affectation of wit.
The toasters and songsters may try all their art,
But never shall enter the pafs of my heart.
I loath the lewd rake, the dress'd fopling despise:
Before such pursuers the nice virgin flies:
And as Ovid has sweetly in parabels told,
We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold.

L. M. W. Montague.

Ode to Evening.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to sooth thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales,
O Nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits on yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:
Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
With short shrill shrieks flits by on leathern wing,

Or where the beetle winds
 His small but fullen horn,
 As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum.
 Now teach me, maid compos'd,
 To breathe some soften'd strain,
 Whose numbers stealing through thy dark'ning vale,
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
 As musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial lov'd return!
 For when thy folding star arising shews
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant Hours, and Elves
 Who slept in flow'rs the day,
 And many a Nymph who wreaths her brows with
 sedge,
 And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and lovelier still,
 The *Pensive Pleasures* sweet
 Prepare thy shadowy car.
 Then lead, calm Vot'ress, where some sheety lake
 Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallow'd pile,
 Or up-land fallows grey
 Reflect its last cool gleam.
 But when chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,
 Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,

That from the mountain's side,
 Views wilds, and swelling floods,
 And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
 And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil.
 While spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont,
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy ling'ring light;
 While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
 Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes;
 So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,
 Shall *Fancy*, *Friendship*, *Science*, rose-lip'd *Health*,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And hymn thy fav'rite name!

W. Collins.

Live burdensome, because we know
 not how to use it.

What, Sir, — a month, and not one line afford!
 'Tis well; — how finely some folks keep their
 word!

I own my promise. — But to steal an hour,
 'Midst all this hurry — 't is not in my pow'r,
 Where life each day does one fix'd order keep,
 Successive journies, weariness and sleep.
 Or if our scheme some interval allows,
 Some hours design'd for thought and for repose;
 Soon as the scatter'd images begin
 In the mind to rally — company comes in:
 Reason, adieu! there's no more room to think;
 For all the day behind is noise and drink.
 'Thus life rolls on, but not without regret;
 Whene'er at morning, in some cool retreat
 I walk alone: — 't is then in thought I view
 Some sage of old; 't is then I think of you:
 Whose breast no tyrant passions ever seize,
 No pulse that riots, blood that disobeys;
 Who follow but where judgment points the way,
 And whom too busy sense ne'er led astray.
 Not that you joys with moderation shun;
 You taste all pleasures, but indulge in none.
 Fir'd by this image, I resolve anew:
 'T is reason calls, and peace and joy's in view.
 How blest'd a change! a long adieu to sense:
 O shield me, sapience! virtue's reign commence!
 Alas how short a reign! — the walk is o'er,
 The dinner waits, and friends some half a score:

At first, to virtue firm, the glass I fly;
 'Till some sly sot, —, not drink the family! "
 Thus gratitude is made to plead for sin;
 My trait'rous breast a party forms within:
 And inclination brib'd, we never want
 Excuse —, 'T is hot, and walking makes one faint."
 New sense gets strength; my bright resolves decay,
 Like stars that melt at the approach of day:
 Thought dies; and ev'n, at last, your image fades
 away.

My heat grows warm, all reason I despise:
 „ To-day be happy, and to-morrow wise! "
 Betray'd so oft, I'm half persuaded now,
 Surely to fail, the first step is to vow.

The country lately, 't was my wish, oh there!
 Gardens, diversions, friends, relations, air:
 For London now, dear London, how I burn!
 I must be happy, sure, when I return.
 Whoever hopes true happiness to see,
 Hopes for what never was, and ne'er shall be:
 The nearest ease, since we must suffer still,
 Are they, who dare be patient under ill.

Whilom a fool saw where a fiddle lay:
 And after poring round it, strove to play:
 Above, below, across, all ways he tries;
 He tries in vain, 't is discord all and noise:

Fretting he threw it by: then thus the lout:
 „There's music in it, could I fetch it out.“
 If life does not its harmony impart,
 We want not instruments, but have no art.
 'T is endless to defer our hopes of ease,
 'Till crosses end, and disappointments cease.
 The sage is happy, not that all goes right,
 His cattle feel no rot, his corn no blight,
 The mind for ease is fitted to the wise,
 Not so the fool's — 't is here the difference lies
 Their prospect is the same, but various are their eyes.

Song to Mira.

Why should a heart so tender, break?
 O Mira! give its anguish ease;
 The use of beauty you mistake,
 Not meant to vex, but please.
 Those lips for smiling were design'd;
 That bosom to be prest;
 Your eyes to languish, and look kind;
 For amorous arms, your waist.

Each thing has its appointed right,
 Establish'd by the Powr's above,
 The sun to give us warmth, and light,
 Mira to kindle love.

G, Granville Lord Landsdowne.

A d v i c e to a Lady in Autumn.

Affes milk, half a pint, take at seven, or before;
 Then sleep for an hour or two, and no more.
 At nine stretch your arms, and oh! think when
 alone,
 There's no pleasure in bed — Mary, bring me my
 gown:
 Slip on that ere you rise; let your caution be such:
 Keep all cold from your breast, there's already too
 much;
 Your pinnars set right, your twitcher ty'd on,
 Your prayers at an end, and your breakfast quite
 done;
 Retire to some author, improving and gay,
 And with sense like your own, set your mind for
 the day.
 At twelve you may walk, for at this time o' the
 year

The fun like your wit, is as mild, as'tis clear :
 But mark in the meadows the ruin of time ;
 Take the hint, and let life be improv'd in its prime,
 Return not in haste, nor of dressing take heed ;
 For beauty, like yours, no assistance can need.
 With an appetite, thus, down to dinner you sit,
 Where the chief of your feast is the flow of your
 wit :

Let this be indulg'd, and let laughter go round ;
 As it pleases your mind, to your health 'twill re-
 dound.

After dinner two glasses at least, I approve ;
 Name the first to the king, and the last to your
 love :

Thus cheerful with wisdom, with innocence gay,
 And calm with your joys gently glide through the
 day.

The dews of the evening most carefully shun ;
 Those tears of the sky for the loss of the fun.
 Then in chat, or at play, with a dance, or a song,
 Let the night, like the day, pass with pleasure
 along.

All cares, but of love, banish far from your mind ;
 And those you may end, when you please to be
 kind.

Letter to Sir Robert Walpole.

Sir,

While at the helm of state you ride,
Our nation's envy and its pride;
While foreign courts with wonder gaze,
And justly all your counsels praise,
Which, in contempt of faction's force,
Steer, though oppos'd, a steady course,
Would you not wonder, Sir, to view
Your bard a greater man than you?

And yet the sequel proves it true,

You know, Sir, certain ancient fellows,
Philosophers, and others tell us,

That no alliance e'er between

Greatness and happiness is seen;

If so, may heaven still deny

To you, to be as great as I.

Besides, we're taught, it does behove us,

To think those greater who're above us:

Another instance of my glory,

Who live above you twice two story,

And from my garret can look down,

As from an hill, on half the town.

Greatness by poets still is painted,

With many followers acquainted:

This too does in my favour speak,
 Your levee is but twice a week,
 From mine I can exclude but one day:
 My door is quiet on a Sunday.

The distance too at which they bow,
 Does my superior greatness show.
 Familiar you to admiration,
 May be approach'd by all the nation,
 While I, like Great Mogul in Indo,
 Am never seen but at my window.

The family that dines the latest,
 Is in our street esteem'd the greatest,
 But greater him we surely call,
 Who hardly deigns to dine at all.

If with my greatness you're offended,
 The fault is easily amended:
 You have it, Sir, within your power,
 To take your humble servant lower.

Henry Fielding.

An Epigram. *)

Nature's chief Gifts unequally are caw'd,
 It surfeits some, while many more are staw'd.
 Her Bread, her Wine, her Gold, and what before
 Was Common Good, is now made Private store,

Nothing that's Good we have among us Common,
But all enjoy the Common Ill - a Woman.

Farquhar.

*) *Dans vitam panis , nobis dans gaudia vinum ,
Omnia dans aurum , sunt pretiosa nimis :
Nil commune bonum est at res est flebilis alt'ra
Dans , est communis fœmina ubique nihil.*

T h e L o v e r.

From place to place forlorn I go ,
With downcast eyes a silent shade ;
Forbidden to declare my woe ,
To speak , till spoken to , afraid.

My inward pangs , my secret grief
My soft consenting looks betray :
He loves , but gives me no relief ;
Why speaks he not who may ?

Sir Richard Steele.

Monimia to Philocles.

Since language never can describe my pain ,
How can I hope to move when I complain ?

But such is woman's frenzy in distress,
 We love to plead, though hopeless of redress,
 Perhaps, affecting ignorance, thou'lt say,
 From whence these lines? whose message to convey?
 Mock not my grief with that feign'd cold demand,
 Too well you know the hapless writer's hand:
 But if you force me to avow my shame,
 Behold it prefac'd with Monimia's name.

Lost to the world, abandon'd and forlorn,
 Expos'd to infamy, reproach and scorn,
 To mirth and comfort lost, and all for you,
 Yet lost, perhaps, to your remembrance too,
 How hard my lot! what refuge can I try,
 Weary of life, and yet afraid to die!
 Of hope, the wretches last resort bereft,
 By friends, by kindred, by my lover left,
 Oh! frail dependence of confiding fools!
 On lovers oaths, or friendship's sacred rules,
 How weak in modern hearts, too late I find,
 Monimia's fall'n, and Philocles unkind!
 To these reflections, each slow wearing day,
 And each revolving night a constant prey,
 Think what I suffer, nor ungently hear
 What madness dictates in my fond despair;
 Grudge not this short relief, (too fast it flies)
 Nor chide that weakness I myself despise.

One moment sure may be at least her due,
Who sacrific'd her all of life for you.

Without a frown this farewell then receive,
For 't is the last my hapless love shall give;
Nor this I would, if reason could command,
But what restriction reigns a lover's hand?

Nor prudence, shame, nor pride, nor int'rest sways;
The hand implicitly the heart obeys;
Too well this maxim has my conduct shewn,
Too well that conduct to the world is known.

Oft have I writ, and often to the flame
Condemn'd this after - witness of my shame;
Oft in my cooler recollected thought,
Thy beauties, and my fondness half forgot,
(How short those intervals for reason's aid!)
Thus to myself in anguish have I said.

Thy vain remonstrance, foolish maid, give
o'er,
Who act the wrong, can ne'er that wrong deplore.
Then sanguine hopes again delusive reign,
I form'd thee melting, as I tell my pain.
If not of rock thy flinty heart is made,
Nor tygers nurs'd thee in the desert shade,
Let me at least thy cold compassion prove,
That slender sustenance of greedy love;

Though ~~no~~ return my warmer wishes find,
 Be to the wretch, though not the mistress, kind;
 Nor whilst I court my melancholy state,
 Forget 't was love, and thee, that wrought my fate,
 Without restraint habituate to range
 The paths of pleasure, can I bear this change?
 Doom'd from the world unwilling to retire,
 In bloom of life, and warm with young desire,
 In lieu of roofs with regal splendor gay,
 Condemn'd in distant wilds to drag the day;
 Where beasts of prey maintain their savage court,
 Or human brutes (the worst of brutes) resort,
 Yes, yes, the change I could unfighing see,
 For none I mourn, but what I find in thee,
 There center all my woes, thy heart estrang'd,
 I weep my lover, not my fortune, chang'd
 Bless'd with thy presence, I could all forget,
 Nor gilded palaces in huts regret,
 But exil'd thence, superfluous is the rest,
 Each place the same, my hell is in my breast;
 To pleasure dead, and living but to pain,
 My only sense to suffer, and complain.

As all my wrongs distressful I repeat,
 Say, can thy pulse with equal cadence beat?
 Can'st thou know peace? is conscience mute within?
 That upright delegate for secret sin;

Is nature so extinguish'd in thy heart,
That not one spark remains to take my part?
Not one repentant throb, one grateful sigh?
Thy breast unruffled, and unwet thy eye?
Thou cool betrayer, temperate in ill!
Thou nor remorse, nor thought humane can'st feel:
Nature has form'd thee of the rougher kind,
And education more debas'd thy mind,
Born in an age when guilt and fraud prevail,
When Justice sleeps, and Int'rest holds the scale;
Thy loose companions, a licentious crew,
Mott to each other, all to us untrue,
Whom chance, or habit mix, but rarely choice,
Nor leagu'd in friendship, but in social vice,
Who, indigent of honour, or of shame,
Glory in crimes which others blush to name,
By right or wrong disdaining to be mov'd,
Unprincipled, unloving, and unlov'd.
The fair who trusts their prostituted vows,
If not their falshood, still their boasts expose;
Nor knows the wisest to llude the harm,
Ev'n she whose prudence shuns the tinsel charm
They know to slander, though they fail to warm:
They make her languish in fictitious flame,
Affix some specious slander on her name,
And, baffled by her virtue, triumph o'er her fame.

These are the leaders of thy blinded youth,
 These vile seducers laugh'd thee out of truth;
 Whose scurril jests all solemn ties profane,
 Or friendship's band, or hymen's sacred chain;
 Morality as weakness they upbraid,
 Nor ev'n revere religion's hallow'd head;
 Alike they spurn divine and human laws,
 And treat the honest like the christian cause.
 Curse on that tongue whose vile pernicious art
 Delights the ear but to corrupt the heart,
 That takes advantage of the chearful hour,
 When weaken'd Virtue bends to Nature's pow'r,
 And would the goodness of the soul efface
 To substitute dishonour in her place,

With such you lose the day in false delights,
 In lewd-debauch you revel out the nights,
 (O fatal commerce to Monimia's peace!)
 Their arguments convince because they please;
 Whilst sophistry for reason they admit,
 And wander dazzled by the glare of wit,
 Wit that on ill a specious lustre throws,
 And in false colours every object shows,
 That gilds the wrong, depreciating the right,
 And hurts the judgment, while it feasts the sight;
 So in the Prism to the deluded eye
 Each pictur'd trifle takes a rainbow dye,

With borrow'd charms the shining prospect glows,
 And truth revers'd the faithless mirror shows,
 Inverted scenes in bright confusion lie,
 The lawns impending o'er the nether sky;
 No just, no real images we meet,
 But all the gaudy vision is deceit.

Oft I revolve in this distracted mind
 Each word, each look, that spoke my charmer kind;
 But oh! how dear their memory I pay!
 What pleasures past can present cares allay?
 Of all I love for ever dispossest'd
 Ah! what avails to think I once was bless'd?
 Hard disposition of unequal fate!
 Mix'd are our joys, and transient is their date;
 Nor can reflection bring them back again;
 Yet brings an after-sting to every pain.

Thy fatal letters, oh immoral youth,
 Those perjur'd pledges of fictitious truth,
 Dear as they were, no second joy afford,
 My cred'lous heart once leap'd at every word,
 My glowing bosom throb'd with thick-heav'd sighs,
 And floods of rapture gush'd into my eyes:
 When now repeated (for thy theft was vain,
 Each treasur'd syllable my thoughts retain),
 Far other passions rule, and diff'rent care,
 My joys and grief, my transports and despair.

Why dost thou mock the ties of constant love?
 But half its joys the faithless ever prove,
 'They only taste the pleasures they receive,
 When sure the noblest is in those we give.
 Acceptance is the heav'n which mortals know,
 But 't is the bless of angels to bestow.
 Oh! emulate, my love, that task divine,
 Be thou that angel, and that heav'n be mine!
 Yet, yet relent, yet intercept my fate!
 Alas! I rave, and sue for new deceit.
 As soon the dead shall from the grave return,
 As love extinguish'd with new ardor burn,
 Oh! that I dar'd to act a Roman part,
 And stab thy image in this faithful heart,
 Where rivered for life secure you reign,
 A cruel inmate, author of my pain:
 But coward-like irresolute I wait
 'Time's tardy aid, nor dare to rush on fate;
 Perhaps may linger on life's latest stage,
 Survive thy cruelties, and fall by age:
 No: — grief shall swell my sails, and speed me o'er
 (Despair my pilot) to that quiet shore
 Where I can trust, and thou betray no more.
 Might I but once again behold thy charms,
 Might I but breathe my last in those dear arms,

On that lov'd face but fix my closing eye,
 Permitted, where I might not live, to die,
 My Yosten'd fate I would accuse no more;
 But fate has no such happiness in store.
 'T is past, 't is done — what gleam of hope behind,
 When I can ne'er be false, nor thou, be kind?
 Why then this care? — 't is weak — 't is vain —
 farewell —
 At that last word what agonies I feel!
 I faint — I die — remember I was true —
 'T is all I ask — eternally — adieu! —
 Hervey.

Ode, to a *Lady*.

On the Death of Col. *Charles Ross*, in the
 action at Fontenoy. Written May 1745.

I.

While, lost to all his former mirth,
 Britannia's genius bends to earth
 And mourns the fatal day;
 While, stain'd with blood, he strives to tear
 Unseemly from his sea-green hair
 The wreaths of cheerful May;

II.

The thoughts which musing pity paves,
And fond remembrance loves to raise,

Your faithful hours attend;
Still fancy, to herself unkind,
Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

III.

By rapid Scheld's descending wave
His country's vows shall bless the grave,

Where - e'er the youth is laid:
That sacred spot the village hind
With every sweetest turf shall bind,
And peace protect the shade.

IV.

O'er him, whose doom thy virtues grieve,
Aërial forms shall sit at eve,

And bend the pensive head!
And, fall'n to save his injur'd land,
Imperial honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed!

V.

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their fainted rest!

And, half-reclining on his spear,
 Each wond'ring Chief by turns appear,
 To hail the blooming guest.

VI.

Old *Edward's* sons, unknown to yield,
 Shall crowd from *Cressy's* laurell'd field,
 And gaze with fix'd delight :
 Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
 Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
 And wish th' avenging fight.

VII.

If, weak to sooth so soft an heart,
 These pictur'd glories nought impart
 To dry thy constant tear ;
 If yet in sorrow's distant eye,
 Expos'd and pale thou seest him lie,
 Wild war insulting near.

VIII.

Where — e'er from time thou court'st relief,
 The Muse shall still with social grief
 Her gentle promise keep :
 Ev'n humble *Harting's* cottage vale
 Shall learn the sad - repeated tale,
 And bid her shepherds weep.

W. Collins.

Yarico to Inkle.

With falsehood lurking in thy sordid breast,
 And perjury's seal upon thy heart imprest,
 Dar'st thou, oh christian! brave the founding waves,
 'The treach'rous whirlwinds, and untrophied graves?
 Regardless of my woes securely go!
 No curse-fraught accents from these lips shall flow:
 My fondest wish shall catch thy flying sail,
 Attend thy course, and urge the fav'ring gale:
 May ev'ry bliss thy God confers be thine,
 And all thy share of woe compris'd in mine!
 One humble boon is all I now implore,
 Allow these feet to print their kindred shore:
 Give me, oh Albion's son! again to roam,
 For thee deserted, my delightful home:
 'To view the groves that deck my native scene,
 'The limpid stream, that graceful glides between;
 Retrieve the fame I spurn'd at love's decree,
 Ascend the throne which I forsook for thee:
 Approach the bow'r — (why starts th' unbidden tear?)
 Where once thy Yarico to thee was dear.

'The scenes the hand of time has thrown behind,
 Return impetuous to my busy mind:

„ What hostile vessel quits the roaring tide,
 „ So harbour here its tempest-beaten side?

„ Behold the beach receives the ship-wreck'd crew :
„ Oh mark their strange attire and pallid hue !
„ Are these the christians, restless sons of pride,
„ By avarice nurtur'd, to deceit allied ?
„ Who tread with cunning step the maze of art,
„ And mask with placid looks a canker'd heart ?
„ Yet note, superior to the num'rous throng,
„ (Even as the citron humbler plants among)
„ That youth ! — lo ! beauty on his graceful brow,
„ With nameless charms bids ev'ry feature glow :
„ Ah ! leave, fair stranger, this unsocial ground,
„ Where danger broods, and fury stalks around ;
„ Behold thy foes advance — my steps pursue
„ To where I'll screen thee from their fatal view :
„ He comes, he comes ! th' ambrosial fast prepare,
„ The fig, the palm-juice, nor th' anana spare :
„ In spacious canisters nor fail to bring
„ The scented foliage of the blushing spring :
„ Ye graceful handmaids, dress the roseat bow'r,
„ And hail with music this auspicious hour —
„ Ah no ! forbear — be ev'ry lyre unstrung,
„ More pleasing music warbles from his tongue ;
„ Yet utter not to me the lover's vow,
„ All, all is thine that friendship can bestow :
„ Our laws, my station, check the guilty flame —
„ Why was I born, ye powers, a Nubian dame ?

Still o'er his form their hov'ring wings display!
If he be blest, these pangs admit allay:
Me still her mark let angry fortune deem,
So thou may'st walk beneath her cloudless beam.
Yet oft to my rapt ear didst thou repeat,
'That I suffic'd to frame thy bliss compleat.
Deluded sex! the dupes of man decreed,
We, splendid victims, at his altar bleed.
The grateful accents of thy praiseful tongue,
Where artful flatt'ry too persuasive hung,
Like flow'rs adorn'd the path to my disgrace,
And bade destruction wear a smiling face,
Yet form'd by nature in her choicest mould.
While on thy cheek her blushing charms unfold,
Who could oppose to thee stern virtue's shield?
What tender virgin would not wish to yield?
But pleasure on the wings of time was born,
And I expos'd a prey to tyrant scorn.
Of low-born traders — mark the hand of fate!
Is Yarico reduc'd to grace the state,
Whose impious parents, an advent'rous band,
Imbrued with guiltless blood my native land:
Ev'n snatched my father from his regal seat,
And stretch'd him, breathless, at their hostile feet.
Ill-fated prince! the christians fought thy shore,
Unsheath'd the sword, and mercy was no more.

But thou, fair stranger, camest with gentler
mind

To shun the perils of the wrecking wind,
Amidst thy foes thy safety still I plan'd,
And reach'd for galling chains the myrtle band:
Nor then unconscious of the secret fire,
Each heart voluptuous throb'd with warm desire;
Ah pleasing youth, kind object of my care,
Companion, friend, and ev'ry name that's dear!
Say, from thy mind can'st thou so soon remove
The records graven by the hand of love?
How as we wanton'd on the flow'ry ground,
The loose-rob'd pleasures danc'd unblam'd around:
Till to the sight the growing burden prov'd
How thou o'ercame'st — and how, alas! I lov'd!
Too fatal proof! since thou with av'rice fraught,
Didst basely urge (ah! shun the wounding thought!)
'That tender circumstance — reveal it not,
Lest, torn with rage, I curse my fated lot:
Lest startled reason abdicate her reign,
And madness revel in this heated brain:
'That tender circumstance — inhuman part —
I will not weep, tho' serpents gnaw this heart:
Frail, frail resolve! while gushing from mine eye,
The pearly drops these boastful words belie.

Alas! can sorrow in this bosom sleep,
 Where strikes ingratitude her talons deep?
 When he whom still I love, to nature dead,
 Stabs pleasure as she mounts the nuptial bed?
 What time his guardian pow'r I most requir'd,
 Against my fame and happiness conspir'd!
 And (do I live to breathe the barb'rous tale?)
 His faithful Yarico expos'd to sale!
 Yes, basely urg'd (regardless of my pray'rs,
 Ev'n while I bath'd his venal hand with tears)
 The tend'rest circumstance — I can no more —
 My future child — to swell his impious store: —
 All, all mankind for this will rise thy foe,
 But I, alas! alone endure the woe:
 Endure what healing balms can ne'er controul,
 The heart-lodged stings and agony of soul.
 Was it for this I left my native plain,
 And dar'd the tempest brooding on the main?
 For this unlock'd (seduc'd by christian art)
 The chaste affections of my virgin heart?
 Within this bosom fan'd the constant flame,
 And fondly languish'd for a mother's name?
 Lo! ev'ry hope is poison'd in its bloom,
 And horrors watch around this guilty womb.

With blood illustrious circling thro' these veins,
 Which ne'er was chequer'd with plebejan stains,

Thro' ancestry's long line ennobled springs,
 From fame-crown'd warriors and exalted kings,
 Must I the shafts of infamy sustain?
 'To slav'ry's purposes my infant train?
 To catch the glances of his haughty lord?
 Attend obedient at the festive board?
 From hands unscepter'd take the scornful blow?
 Uproot the thoughts of glory as they grow?
 Let this pervade at length thy heart of steal;
 Yet, yet return, nor blush, o man! to feel:
 Ah! guide thy steps from yon expecting fleet,
 Thine injur'd Yarico relenting meet:
 Bid her recline, woe stricken, on thy breast,
 And hush her raging sorrows into rest!

 If pity can't allure thy steps from vice,
 Then from impending perils ask advice: —
 'T was night — my solitary couch I press'd.
 Till sorrow-worn I wearied into rest;
 Me thought — nor was it childish fancy's flight:
 My country's genius stood confess'd to fight:
 „ Let Europe's sons (he said) enrich their shore,
 „ With stones of lustre, and barbaric ore:
 „ Adorn their country with their splendid stealth,
 „ Unnative foppery, and gorgeous wealth;
 „ Embellish still her form with foreign spoils,
 „ Till like a gaudy prostitute she smiles;

„ The day, th' avenging day at length shall rise,
 „ And tears shall trickle from that harlot's eyes;
 „ Her own gods shall prepare the fatal doom
 „ Log'd in time's pregnant and destructive womb:
 „ The mischief-bearing womb these hands shall rend,
 „ And straight shall issue forth confusion's fiend:
 „ Then shall my children urge the destin'd way,
 „ Invade the christian coast, and dare the day:
 „ Sue, as they rush upon them as a flood,
 „ Dishonour for dishonour, blood for blood. “

Say, Albion youth, flow all my words in
 vain,

Like seeds that strew the rude ungrateful plain?
 Say, shall I ne'er regain thy wonted grace?
 Ne'er stretch these arms to catch the wish'd embrace
 Enough — with new awak'd resentment fraught
 Assist me, heav'n! to tear him from my thought:
 No longer vainly suppliant will I bow,
 And give to love, what I to hatred owe;
 Forgetful of the race from whence I came,
 With woe acquainted, but unknown to shame,
 Hence, vile dejection, with thy plaintive pray'r!
 Thy bended knee, and still descending tear:
 Rejoin, rejoin the pale-complexioned train —
 The conflict's past — and I'm myself again.

Thou parent sun ! if e'er with pious lay
 I usher'd in thy world - reviving ray !
 Or as thy fainter beams illum'd the west,
 With grateful voice I hymn'd thee to thy rest !
 Beheld, with wond'ring eye, thy radiant seat,
 Or sought thy sacred dome with unclad feet !
 If near to thy bright altars as I drew,
 My votive lamb, thy holy flamen, slew !
 Forgive ! that I, irrev'rent of thy name,
 Dar'd for thy foe indulge th' unhallow'd flame :
 Ev'n on a christian lavish'd my esteem,
 And scorn'd the fable children of thy beam.
 'This poinard, by my daring hand impress'd,
 Shall drink the ruddy drops that warm my breast !
 Nor I alone, by this immortal deed
 From slav'ry's laws my infant shall be freed.
 And thou, whose ear is deaf to pity's call,
 Behold at length thy destin'd victim fall,
 Behold thy once lov'd Nubian stain'd with gore,
 Unwept, extended on the crimson floor :
 These temples clouded with the shades of death,
 These lips unconscious of the ling'ring breath :
 'These eyes uprais'd (ere clos'd by fate's decree)
 To catch expiring one faint glimpse of thee !
 Ah ! then thy Yarico forbear to dread,
 My fault'ring voice no longer will upbraid,

Demand due vengeance of the pow'rs above,
Or, more offensive still, implore thy love.

Jerningham.

S o n g.

On Belvidera's bosom lying,
Wishing, panting, sighing, dying,
The cold regardless maid to move
With unavailing pray'rs I sue:
You first have taught me, how to love,
Ah! teach me, to be happy too.

But she, alas! unkindly wife,
To all my sighs and tears replies;
'Tis ev'ry prudent maid's concern
Her lover's fondness to improve;
If to be happy you should learn,
You quickly would forget to love.

*Ambr. Phillips. *)*

*) *Guardian. l. no. 16.*

Familiar Epistle to — Apothecary.

When once a man so far is gone
To wet his lips at Helicon,
Not all the hellebore, which you
Buy in, the lord knows what to do,
His head can settle, or restore
His reason as it was before.

Talk about phyfic, what you will,
And magnify the doctor's skill,
Mention the names of all the college,
Those shining miracles of knowledge,
Or more to justify your praise,
Call in the learn'd of former days,
Let Mead, Friend, Borehave, Ratchliffe join
Their mighty-knowing heads to thine,
Consult together, and survey
The whole *Materia medica*,
The various powers of med'cine state,
And find out virtues, or create,
Try all old ways, if they won't do,
Experimentally try new;
And when all's ended, rest assur'd,
Poetic madness can't be cur'd.

When haughty Coelia's vain desires,
Inflame her brain, and fancy fires,

When on her bed she sits clate
 And takes it for a throne of state,
 And with a sceptre made of straw
 Keeps the subjected world in awe;
 Or when Clarissa, hapless fair,
 With down cast eye, and pensive air
 Treads her lone cell, and now complains
 Of broken vows, and perjur'd swains,
 Now blames her own too easy heart,
 Which took the base deluder's part;
 Or when the poet's rowling eye
 Proclaims his hour of phrenzy nigh,
 When on imaginary horse
 From pole to pole he takes his course,
 Or, of fantastick trophies proud,
 Bestrides some easy - pacing cloud,
 Or wildly running thro' the streets,
 Pours Couplets out to all he meets;
 Can Addington, with all his care,
 The shatter'd seat of sense repair?

When madness (now, my worthy friend,
 I must insist that you'll attend,
 For of distinctions fond I'm grown,
 And so will make one of my own,
 A nice distinction, not a jot
 It matters whether true or not.

For he proceeds on surest grounds
 Who, when he can't convince, confounds,
 And to the credit of his brain,
 Puzzles the cause he can't maintain)
 When madness, of all sorts and sizes,
 From bodily disease arises,
 Whether the blood half froze remains,
 And scarce moves lab'ring thro' the veins;
 Or, over-hot with sanguine pride,
 Impetuous rolls her rapid tide,
 If the mind is no more affected,
 Than as with body 't is connected:
 Physic may then of service prove,
 Abate the grief, perhaps remove;
 But if the body and the brain
 Only, t'oblige the mind, complain,
 And the distemper's in the heart,
 It is beyond the reach of art.

But to distinguish farther still —
 Read it or not; just as you will,
 Or, if you read, commend or blame,
 To me, old boy, 't is all the same;
 Say, if you please, perhaps say true,
 This nothing is to me or you,
 Or say, what observation says
 Of many great men now-adays,

Of most indeed, that I am one
 Of great distinction, judgment none.
 But once more to return, for this
 You 'll read in a parenthesis,
 Tho' I had left you in the dark
 By leaving out the usual mark.

All Kinds of madness, we shall find,
 Ev'n those which spring out of the mind,
 More readily a cure admit,
 Than that which flows from love of wit.
 In other phrenzies pain's endur'd,
 The patient wishes to be cur'd,
 If e'er some lucid interval
 The scatter'd rays of sense recal;
 Whereas the poet's highest pleasure,
 And frequently his only treasure,
 In madness lies; his joys still vary,
 Joys real or imaginary,
 As his head turns, and he's most blest,
 When most with madness he's possess'd.

Phoebus himself, that we may quote
 Example of undoubted note,
 Phoebus, who well is known to be
 Of physic, God, and poetry,
 When first he found by symptoms sure
 His brain affected, thought of cure;

Try'd ev'ry way, but try'd invain,
 To settle his distracted brain.
 Convinc'd at length, that nought would do,
 The useless drugs aside he threw,
 And smiling to the list'ning croud
 'This maxim he declar'd aloud
 (A maxim since most sacred had)
 No poet's wife who is not mad.

Robert Lloyd.

Inscription on a Sheepecote.

Shepherd, wouldst thou here obtain
 Pleasure unalloy'd with pain.
 Joy, that suits the rural sphere,
 Gentle shepherd, lend anear!

Learn to relish calm delight,
 Verdant vales and fountains bright,
 Trees, that nod on sloping hills,
 Caves, that echo tinkling rills.

If thou can'st no charm disclose,
 In the simplest bud, that blows,
 Go, forsake thy plain and fold,
 Join the crow'd, and toil for Gold.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy;
Banish each tumultuous joy:
All but love—for love inspires
Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

Love and all its joys be thine —
Yet ere thou the reins resign,
Hear, what reason seems to say,
Hear attentive and obey.

Crimson leaves the rose adorn,
But beneath 'em lurks a thorn;
Fair and flow'ry is the brake,
Yet it hides the vengeful snake.

Think not she, whose empty pride
Can the fleecy garb deride,
Think not, she, who, light and vain,
Scorns the sheep; can love the swain;

Artless deed and simple dress
Mark the chosen shepherds;
Thoughts, by decency controul'd;
Well conceiv'd and freely told:

Sense, that shuns each conscious air,
 Wit, that falls ere well aware;
 Gen'rous pity, prone to sigh,
 If her kid or lambkin die.

Let not lucre, let not pride
 Draw thee from such charms aside;
 Have not those their proper spectere?
 Gentler passions triumph here.

See, to sweeten thy repose,
 The blossom buds, the fountain flows;
 So! to crown thy healthful board,
 All that milk and fruits afford.

Seek no more — the rest is vain;
 Pleasure ending soon in pain:
 Anguish lightly gilded o'er:
 Close thy wish and seek no more!

W. Shenstone.

The Progress of Discontent.

When now, mature in classic Knowledge,
 The joyful youth is sent to college,

Retzer's Choice Vol. II. P

His father comes, a vicar plain,
 At Oxford bred — in Anna's reign,
 And thus in form of humble suitor
 Bowing accosts a reverend tutor.

„ Sir, I'm a Glo'tershire divine,
 „ And this my eldest son of nine;
 „ My wife's ambition and my own
 „ Was that this child should wear a gown:
 „ I'll warrant that his good behaviour
 „ Will justify your future favour:
 „ And for his parts, to tell the truth,
 „ My son's a very forward youth;
 „ Has Horace all by heart — you'd wonder —
 „ And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder,
 „ If you'd examine — and admit him,
 „ A scholarship would nicely fit him:
 „ That he succeeds 't is ten to one;
 „ Your vote and interest, Sir! — 'T is done.”

Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated,
 Are with a scholarship compleated;
 A scholarship but half maintains,
 And college rules are heavy chains:
 In garret dark he smokes and puns,
 A prey to discipline and duns;
 And now intent on new designs,
 Sighs for a fellowship — and fines.

When, nine full tedious winters past,
 That utmost wish is crown'd at last:
 But the rich prize no sooner got,
 Again he quarrels with his lot:
 „ These fellowships are pretty things,
 „ We live indeed like petty Kings:
 „ But who can bear to waste his whole age
 „ Amid the dullness of a college,
 „ Debarr'd the common joys of life,
 „ And that prime bliss — a loving wife!
 „ O! what's a table richly spread,
 „ Without a woman at its head!
 „ Would some snug benefice but fall,
 „ Ye feasts, ye dinners! farewell all!
 „ To offices I'd bid adieu,
 „ Of deans, vice praef. — of bursar too;
 „ Come, joys, that rural quiet yields,
 „ Come, tythes, and house, and fruitful fields!

Too fond of liberty and ease
 A patron's vanity to please,
 Long time he watches, and by stealth,
 Each frail incumbent's doubtful health;
 At length — and in his fortieth year,
 A living drops — two hundred clear!
 With breast elate beyond expression,
 He hurries down to take possession,

With rapture views the sweet retreat —
 „ What a convenient house ! how neat !
 „ For fuel here's sufficient wood :
 „ Pray God , the cellars may be good ?
 „ The garden — that must be new plann'd —
 „ Shall these old - fashion'd yew - trees stand ?
 „ O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise
 „ The flow'ry shrub of thousand dies : —
 „ Yon wall , that feels the southern ray,
 „ Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay ;
 „ While thick beneath its aspect warm
 „ O'er well - rang'd hives the bees shall swarm,
 „ From which , ere long , of golden gleam
 „ Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream :
 „ This aukward hut o'er-grown with ivy,
 „ We'll alter to a modern privy :
 „ Up yon green slope of hazels trim,
 „ An avenue so cool and dim,
 „ Shall to an arbour , at the end,
 „ In spite of gout , intice a friend.
 „ My predecessor lov'd devotion —
 „ But of a garden had no notion.“

Continuing this fantastic farce on,
 He now commences country parson.
 To make his character entire,
 He weds — a cousin of the' squire ;

Not over-weighty in the purse,
 But many doctors have done worse,
 And though she boast no charms divine,
 Yet she can carve, and make birch wine.

'Thus fixt, content he taps his barrel,
 Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel:
 Finds his church-wardens have discerning
 Both in good liquor and good learning;
 With tythes his barns replete he sees,
 And chuckles o'er his surplice fees;
 Studies to find out latent dues,
 And regulates the state of pews;
 Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,
 To share the monthly club's carousing;
 Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
 And — but on Sundays — hears no bells;
 Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
 And prunes himself each sapless shoot.
 Plants colliflow'rs, and boasts to rear
 The earliest melons of the year,
 Thinks alteration charming work is,
 Keeps Bantam cocks, and feeds his turkies;
 Builds in his copse a favourite bench,
 And stores the pond with carp and tench.

But ah! too soon his thoughtless breast
 By cares domestic is oppress'd;

And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin :

For children fresh expences yet,
And Dicky now for school is fit.

„ Why did I sell my college life
(He cries) „ for benefice and wife ?

„ Return, ye days ! when endless pleasure
„ I found in reaving, or in leisure !

„ When calm around the common room
„ I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume !

„ Rode for a stomach, and inspected,
„ At annual bottlings, corks selected :

„ And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under
„ The pourtrait of our pious founder !

„ When impositions were supply'd

„ To light my pipe — or sooth my pride —

„ No cares were then for forward peas,

„ A yearly-longing wife to please :

„ My thoughts no christ'ning dinner cost,

„ No children cry'd for butter'd toast ;

„ And every night I went to bed,

„ Without a modus in my head !“

Oh ! trifling head, and fickle heart !

Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art ;

A dupe to follies yet untry'd,

And sick of pleasures, scarce enjoy'd !

Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
And in pursuit alone it pleases.

A S o n n e t.

Weeping, murmuring, Complaining,
Lost to every gay delight;
Myra, too sincere for feigning,
Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection?
Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had Myra follow'd my direction,
She long had wanted cause of fear.

Goldsmith.

S o n g.

When thy beauty appears
With its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;
At a distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art

Your kind thoughts you impart,

When your love runs in blushes thro' every vein ;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your
heart,

Then I know you' re a woman again.

There's passion and pride

In our sex, she reply'd,

And thus, might I gratify both, I would do :
Still an Angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to You.

Parnell.

The poor man's prayer, addressed to the Earl of Chatam.

Amidst the more important toils of state,

The counsels lab'ring in thy patriot soul,

Tho' Europe from thy voice expect her fate,

And thy keen glance extent from pole to pole,

Chatam, nurs'd in ancient virtue's lore!

To these sad strains incline a fav'ring ear!

Think on the God, whom thou and I adore,

Nor turn unpitying from the poor man's prayer.

Ah me! how bless'd was once a peasant's life?

No lawless passion swell'd my even breast;
Far from the stormy waves of civil strife;

Sound were my slumbers and my heart at rest.
I ne'er for guilty painful pleasures rov'd,

But, taught by nature and by choice to wed,
From all the hamlet cull'd, whom best I lov'd,

With her I staid my heart, with her my bed.
'To gild her worth I asked no wealthy power,

My toil could feed her, and my arm defend;
In youth, or age, in pain, or pleasure's hour,

The same fond husband, father, brother, friend,
And she, the faithful partner of my care,

When ruddy evening streak'd the western sky,
Look'd towards, if her mate was there,

Or thro' the beech-wood cast an anxious eye:
Then, careful matron, heap'd the maple board

With savoury herbs, and pick'd the nicer part
From such plain food as nature could afford,

Ere simple nature was debauch'd by art.
While I, contented with my homely cheer,

Saw round my knees my prattling children play;
And oft with pleas'd attention sat to hear

The little story of their idle day,
But ah! how chang'd the scene! on the cold stones,
Where wont at night to blaze the chearful fire,

Pale famine sits, and counts her naked bones,
 Still sighs for food, still pines with vain desire.
 My faithful wife with ever-streaming eyes
 Hangs on my bosom her dejected head :
 My helpless infants raise their feeble cries,
 And from their father claim their daily bread.
 Dear, tender pledges of my honest love,
 On that bare bed behold your brother lie :
 Three tedious days with pinching want he strove,
 The fourth, I saw the helpless cherub die.
 Nor long shall ye remain, With visage sour
 Our tyrant lord commands us from our home ;
 And, arm'd with cruel law's coercive power,
 Bids me and mine o'er barren mountains roam.
 Yet never, Chatam, have I pass'd a day
 In riot's orgies, or in idle ease ;
 Ne'er have I sacrific'd to sport and play,
 Or wish'd a pamper'd appetite to please.
 Hard was my fate, and constant was my toil ;
 Still with the morning's orient light I rose,
 Fell'd the stout oak, or rais'd the lofty pile,
 Parch'd in the sun, in dark December froze.
 Is it, that nature with a niggard hand
 Withholds her gifts from these once favour'd
 plains ?

Has God, in vengeance to a guilty land,
 Sent dearth and famine to her lab'ring swains?
 Oh no; yon hill, where daily sweats my brow,
 A thousand flocks, a thousand herds adorn;
 Yon field, where late I drove the painful plough,
 Feels all her acres crown'd with wavy corn.
 But what avails, that o'er the furrow'd soil
 In autumn's heat the yellow harvests rise,
 If artificial want elude my toil,
 Untasted plenty wound my craving eyes?
 What profits, that at distance I behold
 My wealthy neighbour's fragrant smoke ascend,
 If still the griping cormorants withhold
 The fruits, which rain and genial season send?
 If those fell vipers of the public weal
 Yet unrelenting on our bowels prey,
 If still the curse of penury we feel,
 And in the midst of plenty pine away?
 In every port the vessel rides secure
 That wafts our harvest to a foreign shore;
 While we the pangs of pressing want endure,
 The sons of strangers riot in our store.
 O generous Chatam, stop those fatal sails,
 Once more with outstretch'd arm thy Britons save;
 The unheeding crew but waits for fav'ring gales,
 O stop them, e'er they stem Italia's wave.

From thee alone I hope for instant aid,

'T is thou alone canst save my children's breath;
O deem not little of our cruel need,

O haste to help us, for delay is death.

So may nor spleen, nor envy blast thy name,

Nor voice profane thy patriot acts deride;

Still mayest thou stand the first in honest fame,

Unstung by folly, vanity, or pride.

So may thy languid limbs with strength be brac'd,

And glowing health support thy active soul;

With fair renown thy public virtue grac'd,

Far as thou bad'st Britannia's thonder roll!

Then joy to thee, and to thy children peace,

The grateful hind shall drink from plenty's horn:

And while they share the cultur'd land's increase,

The poor shall bless the day when Pitt was born.

W. Hayward Roberts.

An Epistle to Mr. Pope.

From Rome, 1730.

Immortal bard! for whom each Muse has wove

The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;

Preserv'd, our drooping genius to restore,

When Addison and Congreve are no more.

After so many stars extinct in night,
 The darken'd age's last remaining light !
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by mem'bry of ancient wit ;
 For now no more these climes their influence boast,
 Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost ;
 From Tyrants and from Priests the Muses fly,
 Daughters of Reason and of Liberty :
 Nor Baiae now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
 Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincius rove ;
 To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
 So in the shades, where cheer'd with summer rays
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy Winter's un auspicious reign,
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy ! whose alter'd state
 Has felt the worst severity of fate :
 Nor that Barbarian hands her Fasces broke,
 And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke :
 Nor that their palaces to earth are thrown,
 Her cities desert, and her fields unsown ;
 But that her ancient Spirit is decay'd,
 That sacred Wisdom from her bounds is fled.

That there the source of Science flows no more,
Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.

Illustrious names; that once in Latium shin'd,
Born to instruct, and to command mankind,
Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And Poets, who those Chiefs sublimely prais'd;
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
With ivy's venerable shade o'er-grown;
Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flo'wrs I strow'd,
While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form arise;
Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
'To Pope this message from his Master bear:

„ Great Bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
'To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If high exalted on the throne of wit,
Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
No more let meaner satire dim the rays
That flow majestic from thy nobler bays;

In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
Nor when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
Address the least attractive of the Nine.

Of the more worthy were the task, to raise
A lasting column to thy country's praise;
To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
That Liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
Where science in the arms of Peace is laid,
And plants her Palm beside the Olive's shade,
Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
Such was the people whose exploits I sung;
Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
With different bays by Mars and Phoebus crow'nd;
Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.

If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live,
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire,
And howl with furies in tormenting fire;
Approving time shall consecrate thy lays,
And join the Patriot's to the Poet's praise."

G. Littleton.

Elegy written in a country church-yard.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The plow-man homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the
 fight,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
 The mopeing owl does to the moon complain
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's
 shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the ecchoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth Shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care :

No children run to lip their fire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the haivest to their fickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
'Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

'The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
'The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
'The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village - *Hampden*, that with dauntless
 breast

The little tyrant of his fields withstood:
 Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may test,
 Some *Cromwell* guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlet-
 ter'd muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply:
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd
 dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire the fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 „ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 „ Brushing with hasty steps the dew away
 „ To meet the sun upon the upland lawn,
 „ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 „ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 „ His listless length at noontide wou'd he stretch,
 „ And pore upon the brook that babbles by,
 „ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 „ Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he wou'd rove,
 „ Now drooping, woeful man, like one forlorn,
 „ Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
 „ On morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 „ Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
 „ Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 „ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;
 „ The next with dirges due in sad array
 „ Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him born.
 „ Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay
 „ Cray'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.“

T h e e p i t a p h.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own,

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
 He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from heav'n ('t was all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or drew his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his father and his God.

Gray.

An Ode to *William Pultney*, Esq.

I.

Remote from liberty and truth,
 By fortune's crime, my early youth
 Drank error's poison'd springs.
 'Taught by dark creeds and mystic law,
 Wrapt up in reverential awe,
 I bow'd to priests and kings.

II.

Soon reason dawn'd, with troubled sight
 I caught the glimpse of painful light,
 Afflicted and afraid,
 To weak it shone to mark my way,
 Enough to tempt my steps to stray
 Along the dubious shade.

III.

Restless I roam'd, when from afar
Lo, *Hooker* shines! the friendly star
Sends forth a steady ray.
Thus cheer'd, and eager to pursue,
I mount, 'till glorious to my view,
Locke spreads the realms of day.

IV.

Now warm'd with noble *Sidney's* page,
I pant with all the patriot's rage;
Now wrapt in *Plato's* dream,
With *More* and *Harrington* around
I tread fair Freedom's magic ground,
And trace the flatt'ring scheme.

V.

But soon the beauteous vision flies;
And hideous spectres now arise,
Corruption's direful train:
'The partial judge perverting laws,
'The priest forsaking virtue's cause,
And senates slaves to gain.

VI.

Vainly the pious artist's toil
Would rear to heaven a mortal pile,
On some immortal plan;

Within a sure, though varying date,
 Confin'd, alas! is every state
 Of empire and of man.

VII.

What though the good, the brave, the wise,
 With adverse force undaunted rise,
 To break th' eternal doom!
 Though *Cato* liv'd, though *Tully* spoke,
 Though *Brutus* dealt the godlike stroke,
 Yet perish'd fated *Rome*.

VIII.

To swell some future tyrant's pride,
 Good *Fleury* pours the golden tide
 On *Gallia's* smiling shores;
 Once more her fields shall thirst in vain
 For wholesome streams of honest gain,
 While rapine wastes her stores.

IX.

Yet glorious is the great design,
 And such, o *Pultney*, such is thine,
 To prop a nation's frame.
 If crush'd beneath the sacred weight,
 The ruins of a falling state
 Shall tell the patriot's name.

Gilbert West.

Unknown the names of husband and of fire,
 Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.
 Oft have thy bask'd along the sunny walls,
 Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight;
 How jocund are their looks when dinner calls!
 How smoke the cutlets on their crouded plate!
 O let not temperance too - disdainful hear
 How long their feasts, how long their dinners
 last!
 Nor let the fair, with a contemptuous sneer,
 On these unmarried men reflections cast!
 'The splendid fortune and the beauteous face
 (Themselves confess it and their fires bemoan)
 'Too soon are caught by scarlet and by lace:
 These sons of science shine in black alone.
 Forgive, ye fair, the involuntary fault,
 If these no feats of gaiety display,
 Where, thro' proud Ranelagh's wide - echoing vault,
 Melodious Frazi trills her quavering lay.
 Say, is the sword well suited to the band?
 Does broider'd coat agree with fable gown?
 Can Mechlin - laces shade a churman's hand,
 Or learning's votaries ape the beaux of town?
 Perhaps in these time - tottering walls reside
 Some who were once the darlings of the fair;

Some who of old could tastes and fashions guide,
Controul the manager, and awe the player.
But science now has fill'd their vacant mind
With Rome's rich spoils and truth's exalted views;
Fir'd them with transports of a nobler kind,
And bade them slight all females — but the Muse,
Full many a lark, high-towering to the sky,
Unheard, unheeded, greets th' approach of light;
Full many a star unseen by mortal eye,
With twinkling lustre glimmers thro' the night,
Some future Herring, who, with dauntless breast,
Rebellion's torrent shall, like him, oppose;
Some mute, unconscious Hardwicke here may rest,
Some Pelham, dreadful to his country's foes,
From prince and people to command applause,
'Midst ermin'd peers to guide the high debate,
To shield Britannia's and Religion's laws,
And steer with steady course the helm of state,
Fate yet forbids; nor circumscribes alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confines;
Forbids in freedom's veil t' insult the throne,
Beneath her mask to hide the worst designs.
To fill the madding crowd's perverted mind
With „ pensions, taxes, marriages, and Jews;“
Or shut the gates of heaven on lost mankind,
And wrest their darling hopes, their future views.

Far from the giddy town's tumultuous strife,
 Their wishes yet have never learn'd to stray;
 Content and happy in a single life,
 They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.
 Even now, their books from cobwebs to protect,
 Inclos'd by doors of glass, in Doric style,
 On polished pillars rais'd, with bronzes deckt,
 They claim the passing tribute of a smile.
 Oft are the authors names, tho' richly bound,
 Mis-spelt by blundering binders' want of care;
 And many a catalogue is strow'd around,
 To tell th' admiring guest what books are there,
 For who, to thoughtless ignorance a prey,
 Neglects to hold short dalliance with a book?
 Who there, but wishes to prolong his stay,
 And on those cases casts a lingering look?
 Reports attract the lawyer's parting eyes,
 Novels lord Fopling and fir Plume require;
 For songs and plays the voice of beauty cries,
 And sense and nature Grandison desire.
 For thee, who, mindful of thy lov'd compeers,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
 If 'chance, with prying search, in future years,
 Some antiquarian shall enquire thy fate,
 Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,
 And say, „ each morn, unchill'd by frosts, he ran,

„ With hose ungarter'd , o'er yon turfy bed,
 „ 'To reach the chapel ere the psalms began.
 „ There in the arms of that lethargic chair,
 „ Which rears its moth-devoured back so high,
 „ At noon he quaff'd three glasses to the fair,
 „ And por'd upon the news with curious eye,
 „ Now by the fire , engag'd in serious talk,
 „ Or mirthful converse , would he loitering stand;
 „ Then in the garden chose a sunny walk,
 „ Or launch'd the polish'd bowl with steady hand.
 „ One morn we miss'd him at the hour of prayer,
 „ Beside the fire , and on his favourite green ;
 „ Another came , nor yet within the chair,
 „ Nor yet at bowls , nor chapel was he seen.
 „ The next we heard that in a neighbouring shire
 „ That day to church he led a blushing bride ;
 „ A nymph , whose snowy vest and maiden fear
 „ Improv'd her beauty, while the knot was tied.
 „ Now , by his patron's bounteous care remov'd,
 „ He roves enraptur'd , thro' the fields of Kent ;
 „ Yet , ever mindful of the place he he lov'd,
 „ Read here the letter which he lately sent.“

T h e l e t t e r .

„ In rural innocence secure I dwell,
 „ Alike to fortune and to fame unknown ;

„ Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,
 „ And social quiet marks me for her own.
 „ Next to the blessings of religious truth,
 „ Two gifts my endless gratitude engage,
 „ A wife, the joy and transport of my youth,
 „ A son, the pride and comfort of my age.
 „ Seek not to draw me from this kind retreat,
 „ In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move;
 „ Content with calm, domestic life, where meet
 „ The smiles of friendship and the sweets of love.

John Duncombe.

To Mr. Garrick.

On old Parnassus, t' other day,
 The Muses met to sing and play;
 A part from all the rest were seen
 The tragic and the comic queen,
 Engag'd, perhaps, in deep debate,
 On Rich's, or on Fleetwood's fate.
 When, on a sudden, news was brought
 That Garrick had the patent got,
 And both their Ladyships again
 Might now return to Drurylane.
 They bow'd, the simper'd, and agreed
 They wish'd the project might succeed.

'T was very possible, the case
 Was likely too, and had a face —
 A face! *Thalia* litt'ring cry'd
 And could her joy no longer hide;
 Why, sister, all the world must see
 How much this makes for you and me:
 No longer now shall we expose
 Our unbought goods to empty rows,
 Or meanly be oblig'd to court
 From foreign aid a weak support;
 No more the poor polluted scene
 Shall teem with births of Harlequin:
 Or vindicated stage shall feel
 The insults of the dancer's heel.
 Such idle trash we'll kindly spare
 To opera's now — they'll want them there;
 For Sadler's - Wells, they say, this year
 Has quite undone their engineer,

Pugh^l, you're a wag, the buskin'd prude
 Reply'd, and smil'd; besides 'tis rude
 To laugh at foreigners, you know,
 And triumph o'er a vanquish'd foe:
 For my part, I shall be content
 If things succeed as they are meant;
 And should not be displeas'd to find
 Some changes of the tragic kind,

And say, *Thalia*, may'nt we hope
 The stage will take a larger scope?
 Shall we whose all-expressive powers
 Can reach the heights that *Shakespear* soars,
 Descend to touch a humbler key,
 And tickle ears with poetry,
 Where every tear is taught to flow
 Through many a line's melodious woe
 And heart-felt pangs of deep distress
 Are fitter'd into smiles?
 — O thou, whom nature taught the art
 To pierce, to cleave, to tear the heart,
 Whatever name delight thine ear,
Othello, *Richard*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*,
 O undertake my just defence,
 And banish all but nature hence!
 See, to thy aid with streaming eyes
 The fair afflicted *Const'ance* *) flies;
 Now wild as winds in madness tears
 Her heaving breasts and scatter'd hairs;
 Or low on earth disdains relief,
 With all the conscious pride of grief.
 My *Pritchard* in *Hamlet's* queen —
 The goddess of the sportive vein

*) *Mrs. Cibber.*

Here stop'd her short, and with a sneer,
 My *Pritchard*, if you please, my dear!
 Her tragic merit I confess,
 But surely mine's her proper dress;
 Behold her there with native ease,
 And native spirit, born to please;
 With all *Maria's* charms engage,
 Or *Milwood's* arts, or *Touchwood's* rage,
 'Through every foible trace the fair,
 Or leave the town, and toiler's care
 To chaunt in forest's unconfin'd.
 'The wilder notes of *Rosalind*.

O thou, where 'er thou fix thy praise,
Brute, Druggier, Fribble, Ranger, Bays!
 O join with her in my behalf,
 And teach an audience, when to laugh.
 So shall buffoons with shame repair
 To draw in fools at Smithfield fair
 And real humour charm the age,
 'Though *Falstaff* * should forsake the stage.

She spoke. *Melpomene* reply'd,
 And much was said on either side;
 And many a chief, and many a fair,

*) *Mr. Quin, inimitable in that character, who was
 then leaving the stage.*

Where mention'd to their credit there.
 But I'll not venture to display
 What goddesses think fit to say.
 However, Garrick, this at least
 Appears, by both a truth confess'd,
 That their whole fate for many a year
 But hangs on your paternal care.
 A nation's taste depends on you ;
 — Perhaps a nation's virtue too.
 O think how glorious 'twere to raise
 A theatre to virtue's praise ;
 Where no indignant blush might rise,
 Nor wit be taught to plead for vice :
 But every young attentive ear
 Imbibe the precepts, living there.
 And every unexperienc'd breast
 There feel its own rude hints express'd,
 And, waken'd by the glowing scene,
 Unfold the worth that lurks within.

If possible, be perfect quite ;
 A few short rules will guide you right.
 Consult your own good sense in all,
 Be deaf to fashion's fickle call,
 Nor e'er descend from reason's laws
 To court what you command, applause.

William Whitehead, Esq.

On *Shakespear's* Monument at Statford upon Avon.

Great *Homer's* birth sev'n rival cities claim,
To mighty such monopoly of fame;
Yet not to birth alone did *Homer* owe
His wond'rous worth; what *Egypt* could bestow,
With all the schools of *Greece* and *Asia* join'd,
Enlarg'd th' immense expansion of his mind.
Nor yet unrival'd the *Mæonian* strain,
The *) *British* Eagle, and the *Mantuan* swan
Tow'r equal heights. But happier, *Stratford* thou
With uncontested laurels deck thy brow:
'Thy Bard was thine *unschool'd*, and from thee brought
More than all *Egypt*, *Greece*, or *Asia* taught.
Not *Homer's* self such matchless honours won;
The Greek has Rivals, but thy *Shakespear* none.

By * * *

*) *Milton*.

The Nunnery.

Now pants the night-breeze thro' the darken'd air,
And Silence sooths the vestal world to rest,
Save where some pale-ey'd novice rapt in pray'r
Heaves a deep moan and smites her guiltless breast.

Within those ancient walls with moss o'erspread,
 Where grief and innocence their vigils keep,
 Each in her humble cell till midnight laid,
 The gentle daughter of devotion sleep.

Of wantonness the pleasure-breathing lay,
 Or laughter beck'ning from his rosy seat,
 Or vanity attir'd in colours gay,
 Shall never allure them from their sober state.

Domestic comforts they shall never know,
 Nor voice of kindred reach their distant ear:
 Ne'er with a mother's transport shall they glow,
 While playful children charm the ling'ring year.

The various flow'rs in many a wreath they
 twine,
 To crown the altar on some festive day;
 How fervent do they kiss each holy shrine!
 How thro' the columns streams the choral lay!

Let not ambition mock with jest profane,
 The life that woos retreat's obscurest shade,
 Nor wordly beauty with a sneer disdain,
 The humble duties of a cloister'd maid.

The glist'ning eye, the half-seen breast of
 snow,
 The coral lip, the blush of nature's bloom,
 Awaits alike th' inexorable foe,
 The paths of pleasure lead but to the tomb.

Perhaps in this drear mansion are confin'd
Some bosom form'd to love, unspoil'd by art;
Charms that might soften the severest mind,
And wake to extacy the coldest heart.

Full many a riv'let wand'ring to the main,
Sequester'd pours its solitary stream:
Full many a lamp devoted to the fane
Sheds unreguarded its nocturnal beam.

Some veil'd Eliza (like the clouded sun)
May here inglorious and conceal'd remain:
Some might (like Editha) *) have rear'd a son,
To charm the realm with his enchanting strain.

From flatt'ry's lip to drink the sweets of praise,
In conscious charms with rivals still to vie:
In circles to attract the partial gaze,
And view their beauty in th' admirer's eye:

Their lot forbids: nor does alone remove,
The thirst of praise, but ev'n their crimes restrain:
Forbids thro' folly's labyrinth to rove,
And yield to vanity the flowing rein.

To rear 'mid Hymen's joys domestic strife,
Or seek that converse which they ought to shun;
To loose the sacred ties of nuptial life,
And give to many what they vow'd to one.

*) *Mr. Pope's Mother.*

What, tho' they 're sprinkled with ethereal
dew!

With blooming wreaths by hands of Seraphs crown'd!
Tho' heav'n's unfading splendors burst to view,
And harps celestial to their ear resound!

Still recollection prompts the frequent sight,
The chearful scenes of younger days arise;
Still to their native home their wishes fly,
Affection's stream still gushes from their eyes:

For who, entranc'd in visions from above,
The thought of kindred razes from the mind?
Feels in the soul no warm returning love
For some endear'd companion left behind?

Their joy-encircled hearth as they forsook,
From some fond breast reluctant they withdrew;
As from the deck they sent a farewell look,
Fair Albion sunk for ever to their view.

For thee, who, mindful of th' encloister'd
train,

Dost in these lines their mournful tale relate,
If by compassion guided to this fane,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate.

Happy some matron-vestal may reply.
„ Oft have we heard him, when light's ling'ring ray,
„ Scarce mark'd its passage thro' the darkning sky,
„ At yonder altar join the vesper-lay.

„ Where hapless Adaleida sought repose,
 „ Oft at yon grave wou'd he her fate condole!
 „ And in his breast as scenes of grief arose,
 „ He saw ascending slow her spotless soul:

Peace to my Edward's heart, the vision said,
 Ah not unseen thou shed'st that grateful tear;
 I wait at night to catch thy wonted tread,
 And thank thy faithful love that sorrows here.

„ One eve I miss'd him at the hour divine;
 „ Along that isle, and in the sacristy:
 „ Another came, not yet beside the shrine
 „ Not at the font, nor in the church was he:

„ The next we heard the bell of Death intone,
 „ And to his grave we mov'd, a mournful band.
 „ Approach and read on this sepulchral stone,
 „ These lines engrav'd by friendship's holy hand.“

E p i t a p h.

Pause o'er the youth — nor grudge the short
 delay —

Full soon his little history is told —
 He gave to solitude the pensive day,
 And pity fram'd his bosom of her mould.

Jerningham.

T o W i s d o m.

Dona præsentis rape lætus horæ, ac linque
fevera. Horat.

O Wisdom! if thy soft controul
Can sooth the sickness of the soul,
Can bid the warring passions cease,
And breathe the calm of tender peace,
Wisdom! I bless thy gentle sway,
And ever, ever will obey.
But if thou com'st with frown austere
To nurse the brood of care and fear;
To bid our sweetest passions die,
And leave us in their room a sigh;
O if thine aspect stern have power
To wither each poor transient flower
That cheers this pilgrimage of woe,
And dry the springs whence hope should flow;
Wisdom, thine empire I disclaim,
Thon empty boast of pompous name!
In gloomy shade of cloisters dwell
But never haunt my cheerful cell.
Hail to pleasure's frolic train
Hail to fancy's golden reign!
Festive mirth, and laughter wild,
Free and sportful as the child!

Hope with eager sparkling eyes,
 And easy faith, and fond surprise!
 Let these, in fairy colours drest,
 Forever share my careless breast:
 Then, tho' wise I may not be,
 The wise themselves shall envy me.

Miss. A. L. Aikin

The Man of pleasure.

Yes, to the fages be it told,
 However great, or wise, or old —
 Fair plesure's my pursuit;
 For her I breathe the joyful day,
 For her thro' nature's wilds I stray,
 And cull the flowers and fruit.

Sweep, sweep the lute's enchanting string,
 And all thy sweets lov'd luxury bring!

„ To enjoy is to obey! “

The heavenly mandate still prevail,
 And let each unwise wretch bewail
 The dire, neglected day.

Ah! graceless wretch! to disobey,
 And devious quett the flowery way,
 And slight the gods decree!

Still, still, ye gods, the blessings send!

If e'er my guilty hands offend,

Indeed my heart is free.

In pleasures ray see nature shine,

How dull, alas! at wisdom's shrine!

„'T is folly, to be wise! “

Collusive term, poor vain pretence,

Enjoyment sure is real sense

In philosophic eyes.

I love the carol of the hound,

Enraptur'd on the living ground

In dashing extacy;

I love the auckward courser's stride,

The courser that has been well-tried,

And with him eager fly.

And yet, I love, ye sneering wise! —

Fair honour, spurning still at lies,

As courting liberty;

Still hand in hand great nature goes,

With joys to honour never foes,

And all those joys are free.

And welcome thrice to Brittish land,
 From Italy's voluptuous strand,
 Ye destin'd men of art;
 Breathe on the thrilling meaning sound !
 Each grace shall still be faithful found
 At your admirer's heart.

Avert, ye gods ! that curse of fools,
 The pride of theoretic rules;
 That dupery of sense :
 I ne'er refuse the proffer'd joy,
 With every good — that can annoy —
 Most easily dispense,

I catch each rapture as it flies,
 Each happy loss a gain supplies,
 And boon still follows boon :
 The smile of beauty gilds my day,
 Regardless of her frowns I stray ; —
 Thus thro' my hours I run !

But let me not, for idle rhyme,
 Neglect, ungrateful, good old time :
 Dear watch ! thou art obey'd —
 'T was thus the man of pleasure spoke,
 His jovial steps then careless took
 To Celia — or her maid.

Mr. Greville.

S o l i l o q u y

Of a Beauty in the Country.

'T was night; and *Flavia* to her room retir'd,
 With ev'ning chat and sober reading tir'd;
 There melancholy, pensive, and alone,
 She meditates on the forsaken town:
 On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head
 She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:

„ Ah, what avails it to be young and fair,
 „ To move with negligence, to dress with care?
 „ What worth have all the charms our pride can
 boast
 „ If all in envious solitude are lost?
 „ Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
 „ Where none are Beaus, 'tis vain to be a Belle:
 „ Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shewn;
 „ Both most are valu'd where they best are known.
 „ With every grace of nature, or of art,
 „ We cannot break one stubborn country heart:
 „ The brutes, insensible, our pow'r defy:
 „ To love exceeds a 'Squire's capacity,
 „ The town, the court, is Beauty's proper sphere;
 „ That is our heav'n, and we are angels there:
 „ In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove,
 „ The court of Britain is the court of love.

„ How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
„ How have my sparkling eyes their transport shew'd,
„ At each distinguish'd birth - night ball , to see
„ The homage due to empire , paid to me !
„ When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
„ And dreaded mine more than the monarch's frown :
„ When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
„ Less jealous in their pow'r , than in their love.
„ Chang'd is the scene ; and all my glories die,
„ Like flow'rs transplanted to a colder sky ;
„ Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
„ The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
„ In stupid indolence my life is spent,
„ Supinely calm , and dully innocent :
„ Unblest I wear my useless time away ;
„ Sleep (wretched maid !) all night , and dream all
day ;
„ Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer ;
„ For dulness ever must be regular.
„ Now with mamma at tedious whist I play ;
„ Now without scandal drink insipid tea ;
„ Or in the garden breathe the country air,
„ Secure from meeting any Tempter there :
„ From books to work , from work to books I rove,
„ And am (alas !) at leisure to improve !

„ Is this the life a Beauty ought to lead ?
 „ Where eyes so radiant only made to read ?
 „ These fingers, at whose touch ev'n age would
 glow,
 „ Are these of use for nothing but to sew ?
 „ Sure erring Nature never could design
 „ To form a housewife in a mould like mine !
 „ O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
 „ Attend propitious to thy vot'ry's pray'r :
 „ Let me revisit the dear town again :
 „ Let me be seen ! — could I that wish obtain,
 „ All other wishes my own pow'r would gain

The Je ne Sçais Quoi.

A Song.

I.

Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now,
 And *Caelia* has undone me !
 And yet I'll swear I can't tell how
 'The pleasing plague stole on me.

II.

'Tis not her face which love creates,
 For there no graces revel ;
 'T is not her shape, for there the fates
 Have rather been uncivil.

III.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common;
 And all her sense is only chat,
 Like any other woman.

IV.

Her voice, her touch might give th' alarm —
 'Twas both perhaps } or neither;
 In short, 'twas that provoking charm
 Of *Caelia* altogether.

William Whitehead, Esq.

A n O d e

On a distant Prospect of *Eton College*.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the wat'ry glade,
 Where grateful science still adores
 Her *Henry's* holy shade;
 And ye that from the stately brow
 Of *Windfor's* heights th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary *Thames* along
 His silver-winding way.

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
 Ah fields belov'd in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary fool they seem to sooth,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, father *Thames*, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margent green,
 The paths of pleasure trace
 Who foremost now delight to cleave
 With pliant arms thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which enthrall?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
 Their murm'ring labours ply,
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraine
 To sweeten liberty:
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,

And unknow regions dare descry :
 Still as they run , they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd ;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sun-shine of the breast .
 Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
 Wild wit , invention ever-new,
 And lively chear of vigour born :
 The thoughtless day , the easy night,
 The spirits pure , the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas , regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play !
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 No care beyond to day :
 Yet see how all around' em wait
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black misfortune's baleful train !
 Ah ! shew them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey , the murth'rous band !
 Ah ! shew them they are men !
 These shall the fury passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,

Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
 And shame that sculks behind;
 Or pining love shall waste their youth,
 Or jealousy with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,
 And envy wan, and faded care,
 Grim-visag'd comfortless despair,
 And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning infamy;
 The stings of falsehood those shall try,
 And hard unkindness' alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
 And keen remorse with blood defil'd,
 And moody madness laughing wild
 Amidst severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath,
 A griesly troop are seen,
 The painful family of death,
 More hideous than their queen;
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every lab'ring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage;
 Lo, poverty, to fill the band,

That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow - consuming age.

To each his suff'rings : all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain ;
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah ! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
'Thought would destroy their paradise,
No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise.

Grady.

The Man of sorrow.

A! whas avails the lengthening mead,
By nature's kindest beauty spread
Along the vale of flowers !

Ah ! what avails the darkening grove,
Or Philomel's melodious love,
'That glads the midnight hours !

For me (alas !) the god of day
Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn spray,
Nor night her comfort brings.

I have no pleasure in the rose :
 For me no vernal beauty blows,
 Nor Philomela sings,

See how the sturdy peasants stride
 Adown yon hillock's verdant side,
 In cheerful ignorance blest'd !
 Alike to them the rose or thorn,
 Alike arises every morn,
 By gay contentment dress'd.

Content, fair daughter of the skies,
 Or gives spontaneous, or denies ;
 Her choice divinely free,
 She visits oft the hamlet cot,
 When want and sorrow are the lot
 Of avarice and me.

But see — or is it fancy's dream ?
 Me thought a bright celestial gleam
 Shot sudden thro' the groves.
 Behold, behold, in loose array,
 Euphrosyne, more bright than day,
 More mild than Paphian doves !

Welcome ! ah ! welcome, pleasure's queen !
 And see, along the velvet green

The jocund train advance :
 With scatter'd flowers they fill the air,
 The wood nymph's dew bespangled hair
 Plays in the sportive dance.

Ah ! baneful grant of angry heaven
 When to the feeling wretch is given
 A soul alive to joy !

Joys fly with every hour away,
 And leave th' unguarded heart a prey
 To cares, that peace destroy.

And see, with visionary haste
 (Too soon the gay delusion pass'd)
 Reality remains !

Despair has seiz'd my captive soul,
 And horror drives without controul,
 And slackens still the reins.

Then thousand beauties round me throng,
 What beauties, say, ye nymphs, belong
 To the distemper'd soul ?

I see the lawn of hideous dye,
 The towering elm nods misery,
 With groan the waters roll.

Ye gilded roofs, Palladian domes,

Ye vivit tints of Persian looms,

Ye were for mis'ry made —

'T was thus the man of sorrow spoke,

His wayward step then pensive took

Along th' unhallow'd shade.

Greville.

S o n g.

Written in the year 1732.

I.

When Delia on the plain appears,

Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,

I would approach, but dare not move; —

Tell me, my heart, if this be Love.

II.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear

No other wit but her's can hear,

No other wit but her's approve;

Tell me, my heart, if this be Love.

III.

If she some other youth commend,

Though I was once his fondest friend,

His instant ennemy I prove; —

Tell me, my heart, if this be Lov

IV.

When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,
 The clearest spring, or shadiest grove; —
 Tell me, my heart, if this be Love.

V.

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
 Her nets she spread for every swain,
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove; —
 Tell me, my heart, if this be Love.

The Sailor.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black eyed Susan came on board:
 Oh! where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among the crew!

William, who high upon the yard
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
 The cord slides gently through his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightening on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 (If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear)
 And drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again.
 Change, as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
 The faithful compass, that still points at thee.

Believe not, what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts the constant mind!
 They'll tell, the sailors when away
 In every port a mistress find.
 Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present, wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale,
 Thy skin as Ivory so white;

Thus every beauteous object, that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Though battles call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn,
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return.

Love turns aside the balls, that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head;
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu, she cries, and wav'd her lilly hand.

Gay.

T O C L O E.

Dear Cloe! while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy and the proud
In Folly's maze advance:
Tho' singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance,

'Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,

By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below;

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring

Whence pleasures ever rise;
We'll form their minds with studious care
To all that's manly, good and fair
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage
They'll joy our youth, support our age
And crown our hoary hairs;

They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
And thus our fondest loves repay
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys! They're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot;

Monarchs, we envy not your State,
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Dr. Cotton.

Out of Lycrophon.

What shall become of man so wise,

When he dies ?

None can tell

Whether he goes to heav'n or hell :

Or after a few moments dear,

He disappear,

And at last,

Perish entirely like a beast :

But women, wine and mirth we know

Are all the joys he has below :

Let us then ply those joys we have,

'Tis vain to think beyond the grave :

Out of our reach the gods have laid

Of time to come th' event,

And laugh to see the fools afraid,

Of what the knaves invent.

Sedley.

The End of the second Volume.

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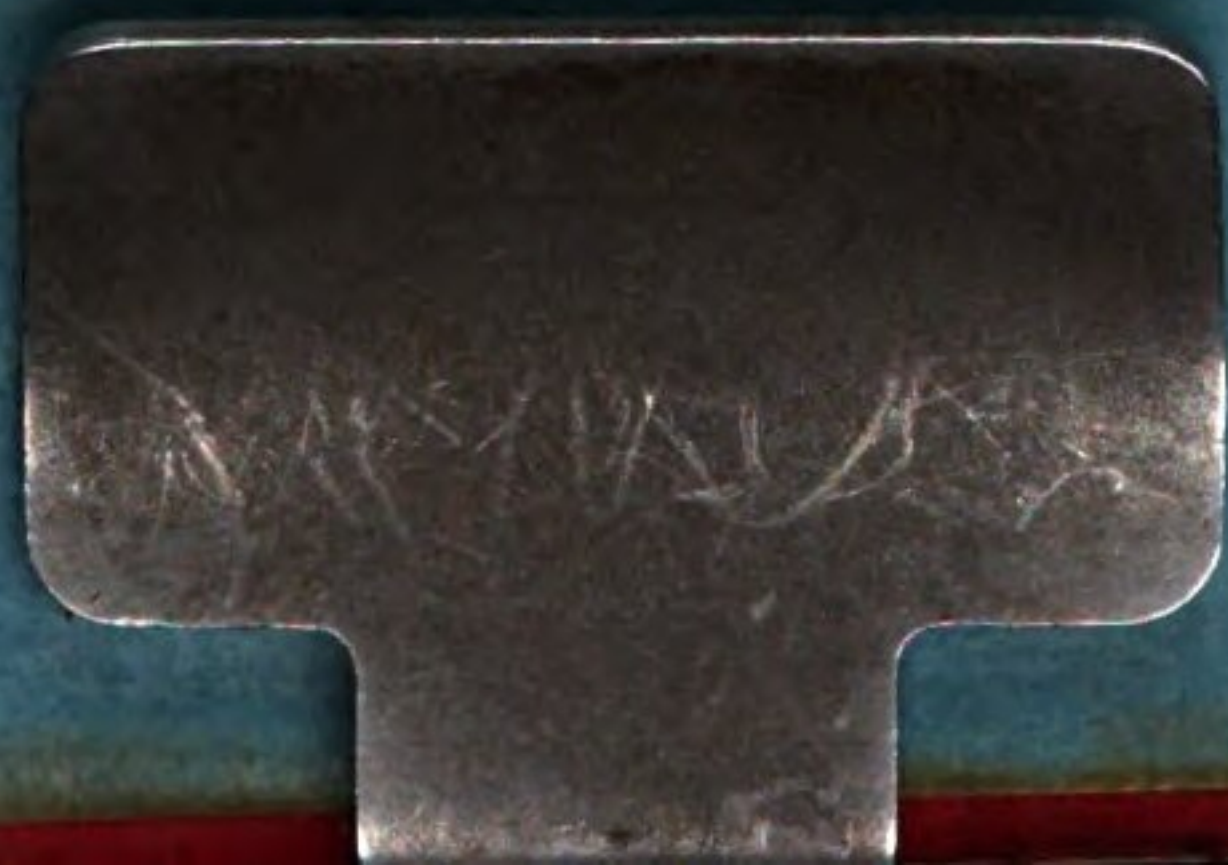
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